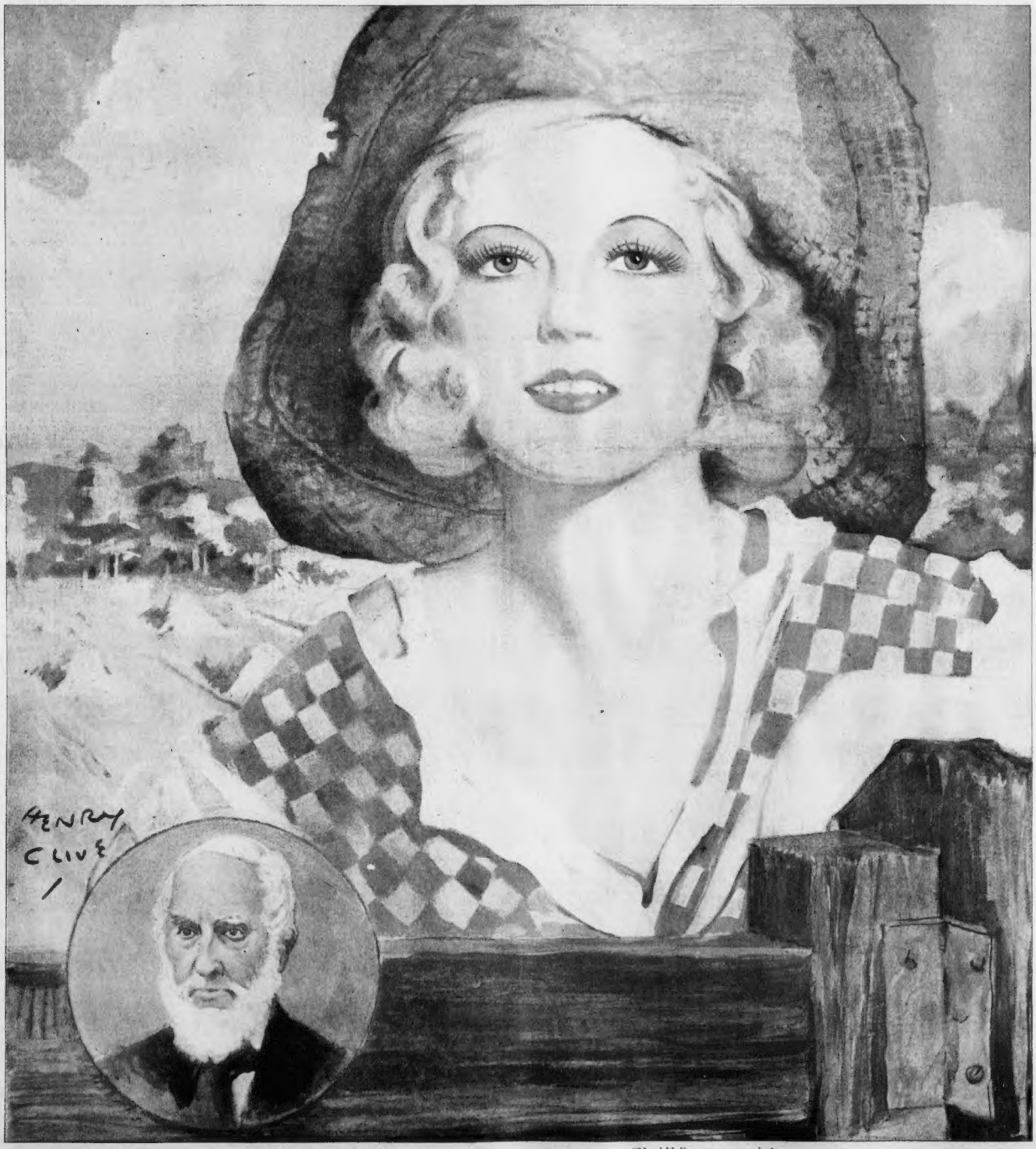
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser
Copyright, 1934, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.
Sunday, Jan. 28, 1934

Darlings of the Poets — A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive



MAUD MULLER ...

"Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health."
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Works By "Artists" Who Never Painted Before

Major Laurence Jones's "Original" Painting, Titled "As Seen Trough God's Telescope, the Famous Lady X. Y."

LONDON.

ENGLAND, and especially the capital of the British Empire, prides itself on its knowledge and appreciation of art. Hardly a week goes by that Londoners do not have the opportunity to gaze critically upon some exhibition of oil paintings, water colors, or etchings.

A few weeks ago the elite of Mayfair, and many another professional artist and layman, wandered about the galleries of celebrated Sunderland House to cast their appraising eyes on as strange a collection of canvases and sketches as ever was exposed to view in this city, or elsewhere.

Announcements of the exhibition told the interested and the curious that the pictures were "first efforts by those who never have painted before"—and one turn about the galleries was enough to convince the observant that there could be little question that the advance publicity had kept well within the bounds of truth.

The paintings were, to use the words of one eminent English art critic, "an amazing collection of juvenility, sarcasm and just plain tomfoolery the like of which may never be seen in this country, or any other, again." The artists were, as stated, novices who never had taken brush or pencil in hand before with a view to making a contribution to creative art, but they were laboring for sweet charity's sake rather than in the name of art and the whole business was presented and accepted with hearty humor.

The pictures, it explained, were to be auctioned off to the highest bidders and the money thus raised was to be used to pay for the humanitarian social work of the Hampstead District of the League of Mercy. It was hoped that any lack of technical skill would be overlooked and that the reputations—

The Curious Symbolic Work Entitled, "A Fool Was Bent Upon a Twig," the First Effort of Captain W. M. H. Pollen.

not in the field of art—of the painters would make the canvases valuable as oddities if not as examples of latent and budding genius.

One of the first pictures to be sold, and one which brought a fancy price, was the nude shown in the circle at the upper left of the page. It is the work of Major Laurence Jones and was called "As Seen Through God's Telescope, the Famous Lady X. Y."

The smart folk who gazed upon the Major's contribution to the unusual exhibition found this picture something more than comic. They were well aware of the artist's talent for biting and sarcastic wit and they peered at the homely, paunchy figure expecting to find in the face a caricature of some feminine member of British society.

The amateur artist, they felt sure, was making it clear in his title that here was some proud dowager who puts up a good enough front to the world but who, stripped of her earthly trimmings, makes a sorry sight in the eyes of the Almighty. The Major, when quizzed about the inspiration for his canvas, smiled piesantly and explained that "it was nobody in particular."

Another canvas that was harilly in what might be called the lighter vein

Left — Most Remarkable of the Serious First Attempts Is This of Lady Strathcona, Entitled "Witch Balls."

was Captain W. M. H. Pollen's initial fling at painting. The picture was, as almost everybody who saw it said, "positively weird." It was titled, symbolically and mysteriously, "A Fool Was Bent Upon a Twig."

Against a background of deep purples and greens was the monstrous head of a man with glaring, evil eyes and beetling brows. On one side of this sinister fellow was the figure of a prostrate nude woman with her heart worn on one of her arms. A jackdaw was picking away at the heart, like a vulture gobbling carrion, and behind this unpleasant tableau were the slimy coils of a serpent. At the other side of the canvas the same woman looks straight out of the picture with the Cross of Calvary on a hill of dark pigment behind her.

Whatever Captain Pollen is trying to say in his first painting, it is not funny and some of his friends are afraid that he is becoming much too morbid about the world in which he appears to be having a good enough time.

Nothing of brooding or morbidity, however, can be found in Major C. L. Carlos Clarke's forthright, if somewhat inexpert, plunge into artistic expression. This is a picture that everyone—with the possible exception of the Major's wife, Lady Eileen Clarke—can laugh at. It is called "My Wife in Her Garden."

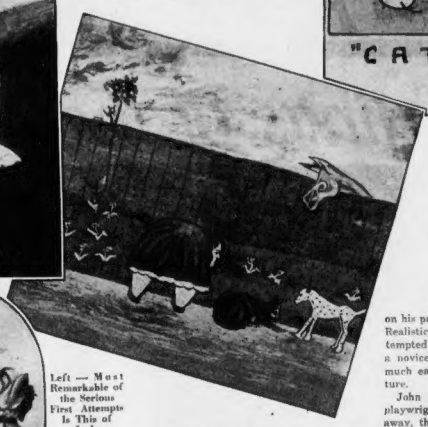
This amateur artist did not have to look into his subconscious for his theme. He looked about the farm that he and his wife operate near the manor of the Marquess of Blandford and decided upon an unflattering rear view of Lady Eileen picking some of the green stuff that they raise for market.

The Major, who is a pleasant chap, took pains to explain that his good lady really is not as husky as she appears in his picture and that her proportions in the painting are due to his lack of skill and not to any desire on his part to affiliate himself with the Realistic School. He would have attempted to do her face-to, but being a novice with the brush, he found it much easier to paint her in that posture.

Below—"My Wife in Her Garden," a First Effort by Major C. L. Carlos Clarke, Which Created Much Amusement at the Strange London Exhibition.

—and Right—

The Naive Simplicity of This Initial Attempt at Art by John Van Druten, Left Nothing to Be Desired. Undoubtedly, and Unquestionably, the Portrait Is That of a Cat.



John Van Druten, the well-known playwright, made what is, far and away, the simplest contribution to the artistic show in behalf of some of London's unfortunate citizens. His picture, labeled simply "Cat" is reproduced at the extreme right of the page.

One of Mayfair's most charming debutantes stood before the picture and repeated over and over, for the benefit of several score of Britain's upper crust, "What simplicity! What modesty!" She was accused by some of her friends of being in league with the artist, but if she was, her enthusiasm brought about the desired result for "Van Druten's Cat" brought a higher price than many of the much more ambitious artistic undertakings.

The best of the pictures, in the opinion of able art critics, was Lady Strathcona's still life called "Witchballs." Her Ladyship, who is blessed with as vivid an imagination as the next one, confined herself to doing a commendably formal picture of a few of those glass spheres called "witchballs" and a cluster of purple-toned petunias.

Sets Style for Crooners

SAM SIMPSON may never see his name in electric lights on the marquee of a Broadway night club, or become the star of a series of coast-to-coast radio broadcasts, but the best of the country's crooners—unless the peculiarly talented Sam is much mistaken—can learn a thing or two from him.

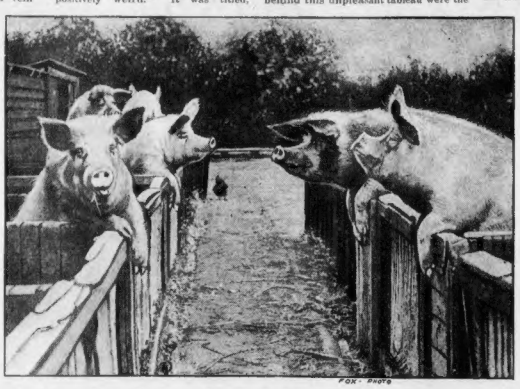
Mr. Simpson, like many another member of his race, was born with music in his soul, in his voice and his fingers. In the vernacular of Tin Pan Alley, he twangs a mean guitar and he renders the bluest of the blue songs in a muted voice that no one who has heard it ever forgets. The muted effect, as the photograph below shows, is achieved with the help of a baseball.

The dusky minstrel opens his mouth wider than it is possible for few humans to open their mouths, tucks a baseball between his strong, white teeth and breaks forth into song. The result is as distinctive as Morton Downey's lyric tenor or Bing Crosby's boo-boo-de-boo baritone. How he can manage to sing with a mouthful of baseball is a mystery that more than one voice teacher would like to have explained, for, of course, there is no movement of the lips to help in the formation of tones, not to mention words. Yet Sam Simpson, baseball and all, delights audiences with a whole repertoire of songs ranging from the classic Old Black Joe to the current compositions Stormy Weather and Lazy Bones.

Sam first discovered that his extraordinary mouth could be opened wide enough to admit a baseball when he entertained the Chicago Cubs during their training period at Catalina Island, California. His fame spread rapidly after that and he was urged to demonstrate his especial brand of crooning for the delectation of visitors to the Century of Progress Exposition. His success may lead to a tour of the country.

ACME PHOTO

Sam Simpson, Setting a Pace for Crooners at the World's Fair, by Singing with a Regulation Size Baseball in His Mouth.



FOX PHOTO

Gossip in the Piggery Was Perhaps Never Better Depicted Than by This Photograph of the Neighborly Pigs Snapped in a Farmyard at Barling, Essex, England.

A Bit of Neighborly Gossip

PIGS may be pigs, as Ellis Parker Butler pointed out in one of his amusing books, but if the unusual photograph above can be accepted as proof, the porkers in England are inclined to be a bit more neighborly and chatty than their obese and snub-snouted kind in other parts of the world.

The picture was taken in Barling, Essex, England, where the farmers go in for hog raising on a large scale. It may be that the pigs are not as humanly companionable as they seem, because it was feeding time when the photographer dropped in on the farm to snap a few pictures of the stock and the big fellows were hungry and squealing for their chow. But the manager of the establishment, who knows more than a little about his charges, says that there are times when the pigs actually hang over the sides of their low stalls and seem to indulge in a guttural language which they appear to understand. On occasion the hogs act amusingly like housewives gossiping across the backyard fence.

When the animals are hungry they seldom indulge in what might be called friendly conversation. They "talk" loud and petulantly. Their grunts are vociferous and their squeals can be heard for half a mile. But when their appetites are satisfied they sometimes lift themselves to the "tops of their back fences" and grunt at each other amiably.

While the cameramen are taking such funny "shots" of some of England's pigs, the farmers engaged in breeding and fattening the animals for the markets of London, Liverpool and Manchester are finding little to smile about. It seems that the British Isles have, for many a year, been producing less pork than England requires and that the hard-working and efficient farmers of Denmark have been capturing more than their rightful share of the British market.

The owner of the pigs in the pictures and his colleges in Barling, Essex, and other sections of rural England, are well aware that, at the moment, Denmark sells, and profitably, something like 360,000 tons of pork in the British Isles every year, while the native producers contribute only about 300,000 tons.

The "Buy British" movement has not helped British pig raisers much because England has yet to turn out enough of these "back fence gossipers" yearly to anywhere nearly meet the local demand and because the Danes have reduced hog raising to something of a science.

A Perambulating Church

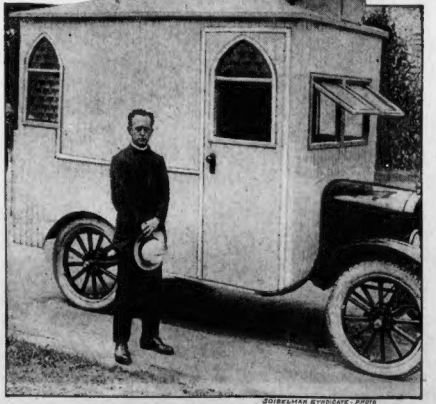
THE Reverend Branford Clarke, pastor of the Pillar of Fire Church in Brooklyn, New York, is one of the most original and energetic ministers of the gospel in America. Already well-known in the East as the poet-painter-preacher, because of his talent with the pen and brush, he recently fitted out a rolling church to enable him to take the House of God to folks who, for one reason or another, might not take the trouble to attend religious service.

The motorized chapel is not a large affair and its foundation is the chassis of a modest flivver, but it is unmistakably a church with stained Gothic windows and a steeple topped by that universal symbol of the Christian faith—the cross.

Inside the church is a small organ on which the minister's wife plays hymns when her husband stops to conduct divine services along the highways and byways. Because the church is so small, the congregation gathers about it, not inside it. The little steeple is so made that it can be lowered safely out of the way when the perambulating church comes to a low bridge.

The Reverend Mr. Clarke became known as the poet-painter-preacher because he, some time ago, adopted the unusual plan of couching some of his sermons in original verse and illustrating them with allegorical paintings, many of them good enough to win the commendation of able artists.

As a matter of fact, the resourceful pastor was attending art school in London, and showing great promise with the brush, when he was converted to the Christian faith and began studying for the ministry.



ZOBELMAN SYNDICATE PHOTO

The Reverend Branford Clarke, New York's Wandering Poet-painter-preacher, With His Mobile Chapel, Which Has Stained Windows and an Organ.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Fickle Count de Zaldevar's Bigamy Comedy

The Gay Cuban Caballero, His Two American and One Cuban Countesses, and Why He Can't Be Arrested For His Romances in New York Because He Would Have to Arrest Himself---And Naturally Wouldn't Think of Such a Thing

Countess Doris Smadbeck Abalo Etc. y Zaldevar, the Second American Countess.

Countess Caroline Morgenstern Abalo y Bartlett y Betancourt y Zaldevar, the First American Countess.
(The word "y" in Spanish means "and.")

I am a gay caballero,
I come from Havana-ero
With nice oily hair,
And full of hot air,
And expert at shooting the bull-o.

I'm seeking a fair senorita,
Not thin and yet not too-much-meata,
I'll woo her a while,
In my Cubano style;
I'll carry her off of her feeta.

I'll tell her I'm of the nobillio
And live in a great big castillio;
I must have a miss,
Who'll long for a kiss,
And not say, Oh don't be so sillio.

Old song—"The Gay Caballero."

IN 1930 one of these gay caballeros that are always landing in New York from Latin America pranced down the gangplank of an Havana steamer and introduced himself as Augustin Abalo y Bartlett y Betancourt y Zaldevar, "Count de Zaldevar. In Spanish "y" means "and."

He further announced, to whom it might concern, that he was of one of the oldest families in Spain, not only noble but with a pint or so of royal blood in his veins. For a while he worked in a language school in New York, not that he believed in the nobility of labor but in order to eat. However, he was really very wealthy, he told them. His temporarily penniless condition was because President Machado had wickedly confiscated all his vast Cuban estates. Any American girl who married him would therefore become the Countess of all those names.

This title was longer and "sweller" than that of a gentleman who had recently introduced himself in high night life as the Italian Count Gonsalvo di Gonfalcon di Medici. But Gonsalvo had been exposed as plain Mr. Pennepopulos, an unemployed Greek bootlegger and why should anyone take this fellow more seriously?

De Zaldevar urged that his title was a bargain because, unlike most others, the upkeep and overhead would be very brief. The first cost for an heiress would be practically the last, after which he would not only finance himself but actually show his bride a profit. This would have to wait, however, until he and his compatriots had booted Machado out of the presidency and his own estates had been restored.

Anyone who would swallow such a fantastic story would surely believe in Santa Claus. Even if the titles and estates had ever existed, Machado, back in 1930, seemed to be solidly planted for life as the perpetual president of Cuba. It sounded like that old gag, "If we had some ham, we'd have ham and eggs, if we had some eggs." Would any girl with money be crazy enough to fall for such a proposition?

The late O. Henry used to delight in writing stories in which every crazy thing turned out right while all sane reasoning went wrong and that is exactly what happened in this case. Not one but two girls married the gay caballero and took what came to pass. Their childlike faith in those titles and estates was justified. They really existed and furthermore that dream of a revolution became a reality. De Zaldevar got his estates back.

Then, ha! ha! the typical, O. Henry, trick-ending. In spite of all those miracles neither wife can get anything out of it, no cash, no title, not even a divorce. Though he seems to be married to three women, there appears to be no way by which he can even be prosecuted for bigamy.

Apparently no American girl was quite crazy enough to marry the Count de Zaldevar for nebrly three years, and then "came the dawn" in the person of Miss Caroline Morgenstern, whose last name, in German, means morning star. This New York girl was possessed of much romance, some money and enough prudence to wait till last April, when the Cuban Revolution began to look like business, before she married him. By September everything was lovely for the gay caballero. Between shooting of dissenters his compatriots had found time to deed back to De Zaldevar all his estates, which, according to at least one of his wives, are estimated to be worth over $2,000,000.

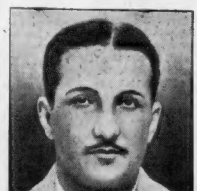
But it is the fate of the morning star to go out like a lamp, soon after the dawn, and so it did in this case. The Countess was all dressed up and ready to accompany her husband on his triumphal return when suddenly the red-hot caballero went cold. The morning star wondered what heavenly body was eclipsing her and says it did not take any telescope to find it in the lovely form of Miss Doris Smadbeck.

This society heiress, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Warren Smadbeck of Park Avenue and Carmel, New York, had been engaged to a West Point graduate, Lieut. Roger Willard Moore. But an army title is not as big as that of Countess, and anyway the engagement was broken.

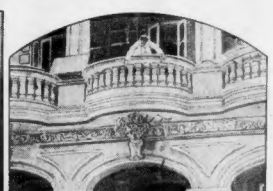
The Countess Caroline complains in her divorce suit that on September 7, 1933, her husband registered at the Hotel Manhattan Towers, with Doris as man and wife. But apparently it was even worse than that—they actually had been married.

Caroline asked for $300 a month, temporary alimony and $10,000 counsel fees. While her lawyers were on the job she had them start an alienation of affections suit for $100,000 against Doris. Considering that wives have demanded much more than that for the affections of a mere crooner or saxophone player, this seemed very moderate for a blooded husband with titles, estates and everything, but there was to be a joker even in that.

The noble Count's answer to this litigation was to pack his trunks and book passage for Cuba Libre. But the Countess Caroline's attorneys, Alfred Feingold and George W. Bruce, of 303 West Forty-second Street, New York, were so lacking in reverence for royal blood that they got an order from Justice Charles B. McLaughlin for his arrest on the grounds that he was fleeing the jurisdiction of the court. Instead of on a steamer, the caballero landed in jail.



The Gay Caballero Count Augustin Abalo y Bartlett y Betancourt y Zaldevar, the Hero and the Villain of the Comedy.



The Sacking of the Presidential Palace at Havana, in Which the Count of Zaldevar Now Functions as Secretary of State, According to One of His Countesses, Although His Attorneys Say He Is Merely Acting as Chief of Police.

Assuming that an American "hoosegow" must be something like the cells of Morro Castle or Cabanas Fortress, the prisoner promptly swallowed three poison tablets and was carried, writhing in agony to Bellevue Hospital. There the stomach pump, antidote and emetic squad fixed him up so that the next day he was well enough to get away on $1,000 bail, which Countess Caroline charges Countess Doris with having furnished, and to catch the next Havana boat.

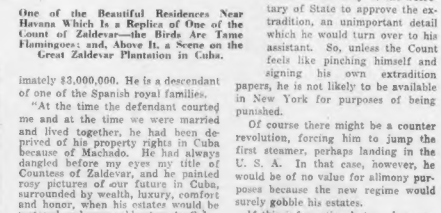
The usual course in a divorce suit is to get an award of temporary alimony and then, if the husband does not pay on the dot, throw him into jail until he pays or dies. But to her dismay there loomed a checkmate to everyone of the usual moves. These seem like ridiculous, farce-comedy obstacles, but legally they were no joke. Reading the following excerpts from her complaint, one might think she had a strong case with plenty of heart interest and cash interest:

"On April 15, 1933, we were married at City Hall. The marriage took place after a courtship of approximately three years. This fact is recited so that the Court may weigh whether or not this marriage was one of haste and whim, or love and consideration. It is submitted that the court can only believe the latter. His claim that we were not married is ridiculous. I will submit the original certificate of marriage upon the argument of this motion for alimony and counsel fees.

"My husband is a lawyer, admitted to practice in the Republic of Cuba. He was formerly a District Attorney in Cuba. He is a member of an extremely wealthy family in Cuba and in his own right shares in various properties and industries throughout that Insular Republic. It has been estimated that his individual share is worth approximately $3,000,000. He is a descendant of one of the Spanish royal families.

"At the time the defendant courted me and at the time we were married and lived together, he had been deprived of his property rights in Cuba because of Machado. He had always dangled before my eyes my title of Countess of Zaldevar, and he painted rosy pictures of our future in Cuba, surrounded by wealth, luxury, comfort and honor, when his estates would be restored and we would return to Cuba. From my knowledge, while we were living together my husband was planning the revolution which finally did unseat Machado.

"His hopes have been realized, his wealth has been restored. From teaching in a school of languages he has risen, upon information and belief, to Secretary of State of Cuba, and with his acceptance of the portfolio, and even in anticipation of same, he cast me aside. The aggravation, the worry and the excitement to which I have been subjected have injured my health, my own immediate family is unable to help me financially. I feel that under the circumstances I am entitled to such alimony as would permit me to live in the manner and style of the wife of the Secretary of State of the Republic of Cuba, because, after all, I am his wife."



One of the Beautiful Residences Near Havana Which Is a Replica of One of the Count of Zaldevar—the Birds Are Tame Flamingoes; and, Above It, a Scene on the Great Zaldevar Plantation in Cuba.

But the court declined to award any alimony at all on the ground that there was no prospect of collecting it. Come to think of it, if Uncle Sam cannot collect any of his own debts from France how could a New York court hope to make the Secretary of State of a little, seething republic pay a private alimony debt? There was much telegraphing, correspondence and some new information. According to the caballero's own attorneys he was only Chief of the Havana police. That did not help much. A New York judge could not jail for alimony the chief of the Havana police, whose office was in the jail anyway, and who usually slept there for safety's sake.

There being no nourishment in these international divorce proceedings Countess Caroline turned her attention to that suit against the Countess Doris who meanwhile had started an action against De Zaldevar for annulment of her marriage on the ground that he was already married to Caroline.

It did not seem as if anything could upset either of these suits but up from Havana came a little bombshell of information. The Count's lawyers informed both ladies that their gay caballero had never been legally married to either. He was now happily living, they said, with his first and undivorced wife, a native of Cuba. The United States might ask to have him extradited on charges of bigamy, but here this true-life story rises to heights of absurdity that would have made the late O. Henry jealous.

If this were done it would be the duty of the noble chief of police to have himself arrested and thrown into his own jail. Then it would be the duty of the Secretary of State to approve the extradition, an unimportant detail which he would turn over to his assistant. So, unless the Count feels like pinching himself and signing his own extradition papers, he is not likely to be available in New York for purposes of being punished.

Of course there might be a counter revolution, forcing him to jump the first steamer, perhaps landing in the U. S. A. In that case, however, he would be of no value for alimony purposes because the new regime would surely gobble his estates.

If this information is true, how can the Countess Caroline ask damages from the Countess Doris for those valuable affections when all the time they belonged to a previous Countess? Also there is no alimony to be squeezed from a bigamous marriage. In the present state of excitement and suspicion, if an agent goes down to Cuba for certified copies of records and one of the noble chief of police's cops catches him snooping among the archives, he might be mistaken for a spy and something and might happen.

According to an affidavit of Blas Mendieta, the Count used only the modest name of Bartlett when he and the Countess Doris lived together. He says:

"She (Caroline) asked me to accompany her with another friend to the hotel. At about 10:45 p. m. I saw a large car driven by Mr. Bartlett. He and the young lady got out of the car and went into the hotel. We knocked at the door of his suite and a lady's voice said, 'Someone is at the door.' Mr. Bartlett came to the door and asked who it was. The man who was with us said, 'I have your trunk.'

"Mr. Bartlett opened the door and we pushed our way in. We saw the woman who was introduced to me as Miss Smadbeck, in the room, sitting on a couch, in her negligee, and Mr. Bartlett had only a robe on.

"I said, 'We came to say goodbye.' He pushed us into the hall. We said, 'Why don't you let us come in and celebrate?' He said, 'You must be celebrating if you are calling on us here.'

"We then left the hotel."

Senor Mendieta also comes from Cuba but he is not planning to return until after the next revolution when perhaps it may be his turn to be chief of police and Secretary of State.

Just before leaving New York, the Count said:

"These alleged marriages are just mistakes and confusion which I am too busy to explain. As Shakespeare said, 'Machado about nothing.'"

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Nazi Hate Doctrine That Turned Romance Into Tragedy

Baron Bertram von Diesenhausen, the Young Nobleman Who Is Charged With Murdering His Semitic Fiancee Because of the Fanatical Ardor With Which He Has Embraced the Nazi Movement.

THE swastika may be a sign of good luck and happiness for some people, but for 17-year-old Marga Wenzel, of Reval, Esthonia, it meant heartbreak and death, and for her blue-blooded finance, Baron Bertram von Diesenhausen, it augurs the same unhappy fate unless the Nazi powers-that-be can clear him of the charge of cold-blooded murder.

It may be that Marga Wenzel, the daughter of a wealthy Jewish family, took her own life when the handsome young noble to whom she expected to be married told her that his admiration for Adolph Hitler and the Nazi movement made it impossible for him to have anything more to do with her, to say nothing of making her his wife. He had been converted to Jew-hating —and it was her misfortune to be a Jewess.

But the Reval police are not so sure that the baron's betrothed destroyed herself and, Nazi or no Nazi, they are determined to put the scion of one of the oldest German-Baltic feudal families on trial and present evidence that he reneged on a suicide pact and then set the scene so that it would appear that the girl was killed in an automobile accident. They will charge him with carrying the anti-semitic creed of the Hitlerites into his own love affair and with murdering the girl who loved him to convince his Nazi superiors of his complete loyalty to the cause.

When the baron first met the pretty little Jewess he was not the ardent Nazi that he has since become and Hitler had not launched the full force of his drive against what he calls the non-Aryan population of Germany. He often amused his friends by such remarks as "Hail Hitler—and my little Jewess." Politically he was a swashbuckling storm trooper, but sentimentally he was the adoring fiance of a Semite and he didn't care who knew it.

But this sort of straddling is not tolerated in Germany and when certain officials in the Nazi headquarters in Berlin learned that one of their chief disciples and propagandists in adjacent Esthonia was hob-nobbing with a Jewess and expected to marry her, they snapped into action. The Baron received an official looking envelope in which was a terse communication. No Nazi, it informed him, could make exceptions in the drive against "alien enemies." Jews are Jews. What did he intend to do about Marga Wenzel?

For a day or two the young nobleman was uncertain. He was torn between love and duty, but not for long. He posted a letter to his chiefs in Berlin telling them that he was breaking his engagement and that they could depend on him to handle the Jews as they deserved to be handled in the "purifying" of the Germanic race."

Then he sat down and wrote a long letter to his fiancee. As soon as she received this letter she hurried to the baron's mansion to hear from his own lips words that her eyes found hard to believe. It just didn't seem possible that her ardent young Bertram could throw her happiness and his overboard because a man named Hitler, in far-off Berlin, had ruthlessly decided to make the Jewish race the butt of a scheme for national unity and solidarity.

All afternoon the Baron and Marga Wenzel were closeted in his library. The door was locked, but servants told the police that they heard their master shouting and the young woman sobbing. And then, late in the day, the couple left the mansion in the baron's motor car.

About midnight a policeman patroling his beat on the outskirts of the city came upon the wreck of the machine. Marga Wenzel was dead and her companion apparently unconscious, although he was not badly hurt. When he was revived he mumbled something about an accident.

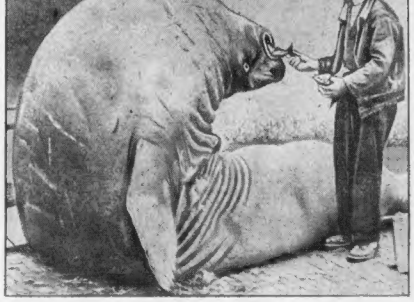
A post-mortem examination of the girl's body revealed, however, that she had died several hours before the time of the accident—from an over-dose of veronol, a deadly poison. Under the persistent questioning of the authorities the baron finally admitted that he and his fiancee had planned to commit suicide together. But, after a prompt and thorough examination, it was established that the nobleman had not one drop of the veronal in his system.

The deduction of the police officials is this: That either the Nazi nobleman poisoned his Jewish sweetheart or that he tricked her into thinking that they were ending their troubles together and drank a glass of water while she gulped a potion of deadly poison. And then, to make the girl's tragic death look like an accident he ran his car, with her body in it, against a tree.

Below—A View of the City of Reval, the Capital of Esthonia, Where Baron von Diesenhausen Preaches the Nazi Doctrine—and Seems to Practice What He Preaches.

Right—Marga Wenzel, the 17-Year Old Fiancee of the Nazi Official, Who, After He Broke Their Engagement, Took Her on an Automobile Ride During Which She Died From an Overdose of Poison.

Eats 20 Tons of Fish a Year



Goliath, the Three-and-a-Quarter-Ton Sea Elephant of the Philadelphia Zoo, Whose Extraordinary Appetite Demands 100 Pounds of Fresh Fish Every Day. As an Economy Measure the Brute's Diet Recently Was Changed From Herring to Less Expensive Sea Trout.

GOLIATH, a three-and-a-quarter-ton sea elephant, is the prize exhibit at the Philadelphia Zoo—as he was when he was transported all over the world as a circus attraction—but he also is a financial and dietary problem because of his enormous and particular appetite. Every day his keeper tosses 100 pounds of fresh fish down his Gargantuan gullet.

When Goliath first came to Philadelphia he was fed an exclusive diet of boneless herring which were shipped daily from Cincinnati. Seven hundred pounds of this food cost $60 and when the directors of the zoo found that it was necessary to pare expenses they experimented with the sea elephant's meals and replaced the expensive herring with sea trout. A week's supply of this food could be bought for about $25. Even with this radical cut in the cost of the big fellow's fare, he consumes 20 tons of fresh fish annually and his "grocery" bill runs between $1,300 and $1,500 a year.

It would hardly be true to say that Goliath ever exercised—he's much too big and fat to go in for calisthenics—but when he was traveling with the circus and was being trundled about on a specially built truck trailer he demanded 150 pounds of fish a day because of the passive exercise that he couldn't avoid taking.

Goliath may look like the dumbest of brutes, but he really is very observing and temperamental. He dislikes children and the approach of a group of Young America sends him ducking below the tank of cold water in which he spends most of his time. His keeper says that this antipathy was developed during his circus days when thoughtless boys and girls used to toss peanuts at him. And as much as he likes cold water he hates rain because he knows he is susceptible to colds.

New Telescope Spectacles

(c) PHOTO PRESS.

This Good-Looking Young English Racing Fan Is Watching the Close Finish of a Race Through the New Binocular-Spectacles Which Provide Long-Distance "Close-Ups."

IF hundreds of English race-fans and theatre-goers look distinctly pop-eyed this season it will be because they are wearing the new spectacle-binoculars which make it unnecessary for them to hold magnifying instruments in their hands to get long-distance close-ups of the horses on the turf, or the actors on the stage.

The photograph shows a good-looking British racing fan getting all the exciting details of a close finish with her new light-weight telescope spectacles. The binocular attachments are light in weight and of high magnifying power. They are adjustable so that they can be placed exactly in front of the eyes and are equipped with the usual focusing mechanism to suit them to all sorts of eyes.

The market for the new glasses, in the opinion of the manufacturers, is almost unlimited, because they will make every kind of sporting event more graphic and dramatic for the spectator.

It is probable that the idea for the binocular-spectacles came about through the development of radio broadcasting because the men who were assigned to give listeners-in an accurate description of football games, cricket matches and rowing races, were equipped with light but powerful field glasses which were strapped to their heads so that they could observe and relay every detail of the action.

Some of the new glasses intended to be worn at the theatre are covered with mother-of-pearl and plated in gold and silver, so that they harmonize with the occasion and the surroundings.

Ultra Modern "Barber Pole"

YEARS ago, when Stefan Weber went to work in Austria as an apprentice barber, he suspected that he was taking up the wrong profession and that he should follow in the footsteps of some of his forebears and study painting and sculpture. Today, outside his barber shop in Philadelphia, there stands the most original "barber pole" in the country—a life-size wooden statue of Mr. Weber, recently completed by him after five months of spare-time labor with chisel, file, sandpaper and paint.

"All my life I have had the urge to do something artistic," said Mr. Weber, "but this is my first effort. It was inspired by my daughter who recently won an art school scholarship. As I watched her draw I wanted to create something myself and, thinking of the once familiar cigar-store Indian, perhaps, I got the notion of carving a figure of myself to attract patrons to my shop."

The raw material for the sculpture was the trunk of a buttonwood tree that had blown down in a storm, and in order to carve it in his own likeness Mr. Weber set it up before a big mirror which made it possible for him to use his reflection as his model.

Although the Philadelphia tonsorial artist has a great deal to learn about the business of sculpturing and there are certain shortcomings in his statue, his patrons immediately recognized him in the creation and predicted that, with more practice, Mr. Weber might turn out to be considerable of a wood carver. He thinks so, too, and intends to put in much of his spare time developing his artistic talents.

Stefan Weber, the Philadelphia Barber Who Replaced the Familiar Barber Pole With This Sculptured Likeness of Himself, Which He Carved From the Trunk of a Buttonwood Tree.

She Weighs 40 Pounds, Her Pets 1000

WHEN the little English girl shown in the photograph visited the famous St. Bernard kennels at Reigate, she never had seen one of the big dogs close-to, and she found it hard to believe that they were safe for her to hobnob with.

It happened that a news photographer from London was at the kennels that day taking pictures of some of the dogs that were going to be exhibited in the leading British dog shows. He thought the young visitor might like to have her picture taken with some of her new-found friends, and when he promised her that the photograph would get into some of the big magazines she threw caution to the winds and posed with five of the creatures that, a few minutes before, had seemed anything but enjoyable company. The result—the photograph reproduced on this page—was one of the best dog pictures of the year.

The youngster is a normal little Britisher for her age. She tips the scales at 40 pounds, and if she seems dwarfed by the quintet of St. Bernards it is because these fellows are among the biggest and best specimens of their breed to be found on the British Isles, or elsewhere, and average about 200 pounds each. Their total weight is about half a ton.

Before the little girl left Reigate she knew the truth of the breeder's assurance that there isn't a bite in a carload of St. Bernards, despite their size and strength, and she wanted to take one of the dogs home with her for a pet.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A Little English Girl Taking a Stroll With Five of the Blue-Blooded Saint Bernards at the Abbotts Pass Kennels in Reigate, England. The Youngster Weighs 40 Pounds and Her Big but Gentle Charges Tip the Scales at Half a Ton.

Uncle Sam's Rain Barrel Problem

FOR several years Uncle Sam has maintained a huge "rain barrel" in Mesa Verde National Park in order to catch the comparatively small precipitation of rain and snow that falls in that section of southwestern Colorado. This "barrel" is a two-acre spread of galvanized iron which acts as a catch basin.

The "barrel" is steadily becoming a problem to the Government because from a height it looks very much like the shimmering surface of a lake and thousands of water birds, seeing it, kill or injure themselves trying to land on the deceptive area.

The park officials know, of course, that the appearance of the big patch of galvanized metal will have to be changed so that, in the eyes of birds, it does not seem to be a lake or a pond.

If some special paint is not found it may be that the Government will replace the light colored galvanized iron with similar sheets of metal that are so made that they are of a darker color, possibly a dun color like the surrounding country, or a deep shade of green that will look to the birds like a patch of trees.

The grebes—birds that cannot "take off" except by a flying start made from the water—are the most numerous victims of Uncle Sam's rain barrel.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

How The Big Zoo Python Eats Every Six Weeks

PHOTOS BY RUTH CUNLIFF RUSSELL.

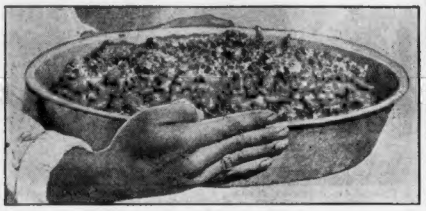
Attendants at the St. Louis Zoo Bring the Big Serpent Out and Hold Him in Readiness for His Dinner.

Never Seems Hungry, Turns His Head Away From Every Choice Snake Dainty That Is Thrown Into His Cage, So the St. Louis Zoo Keepers Push a Dinner Down His Throat Nine Times a Year

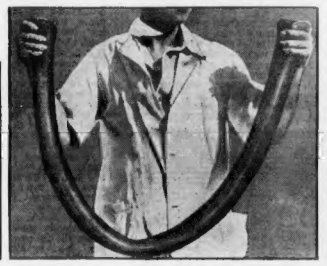
NEARLY six years ago a nineteen-foot python came over in a box from its native jungle in India to the artificial warmth and attentive keepers and experts of the famous St. Louis Zoo. The big creature slid slowly around the four sides of his new home, turned up his serpentine nose at the surroundings and the kindly attendants and coiled up in a corner of his cage.

Mr. R. Marlin Perkins, curator of the reptile house, realized that his new guest might not feel at home for awhile. As the python does not eat every day, nor even every week, nor always every month, Mr. Perkins was in no hurry to order a meal for him from the zoo kitchen. But not knowing just when the python really had its last meal he decided after two months that it might be hungry.

The Hunk of Meat and Bone Before It Is Ground Up for the Snake's Dinner.



The Pan Containing Twenty-five Pounds of Ground Beef, Beef Bone and Rabbit Meat, Ready for the Feeding.



The Section of the 2½-Inch Fire Hose That Is Used to Feed the Snake.

A pair of rabbits, freshly killed and neatly skinned, were put into the cage in front of the snake's nose. He turned his head away from them. Next day an opossum was put in the cage. But the reptile showed no interest. Then its appetite was tempted with ducks, geese, chickens, guinea-pigs and ground up hog meat. The great python regarded all these offerings with a cold disdainful gaze and continued to remain coiled up in the corner of his cage.

Mr. Perkins was a little puzzled, but he decided that the snake was still homesick, and knowing that these great reptiles can go for months without a meal, decided not to annoy the creature any more just then. However, after two more months had gone by, another series of reptilian delicacies was put into the cage day after day. But still the creature turned his head away and refused to eat.

Then Mr. Perkins decided that his guest would have to be fed by force, and preparations were made for the first forced feeding. Several rabbits were killed and skinned and their slippery bodies were pushed down the snake's throat with a bamboo pole. This was nearly six years ago and the python has never eaten a morsel of food of its own accord since. Every six weeks the snake is fed by force, but the method now used is an improvement on the first way of making the reluctant snake take his dinner.

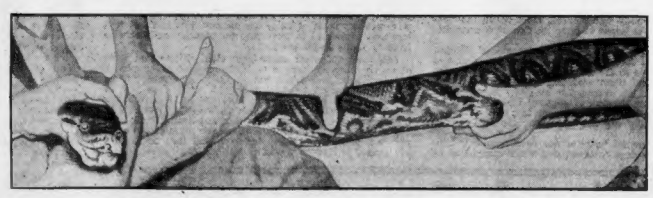
First the big snake is prodded out of its regular cage into the shifting cage. As its huge diamond shaped head slides through the opening of the shifting cage a black cloth is tossed over it and Moody Lentz, Perkins' assistant, who has unusual strength in his hands, seizes it by the neck.

As the remainder of the long body slides into the shifting cage, the other zoo attendants, chosen for their strength, grab hold of it at about three-foot intervals. The huge snake writhes and jerks like the loose end of a sail rope and it is all the men can do to hold it.

The snake is then carried to the spacious lobby of the reptile house to undergo the force-feeding.

Carefully the End of the Hose, Which Has Been Stuffed With the Snake's Dinner, Is Pushed Into the Reptile's Mouth.

With a Long Ramrod the Meat Is Slowly Forced Through the Rubber Hose and Down the Python's Throat.



Attendants Massage the Food Along Until It Is Forced Into the Snake's Body About the Middle of Its Length.

To Moody Lentz goes the job of forcing open the snake's jaws, lined with double rows of needle-sharp teeth, each a half inch long. This he does by placing one hand on the snake's upper jaw, the thumb firmly grasping the upper front tip of the mouth, and then grabbing hold of the loose skin on the under part of the lower jaw with his other hand. He then draws his hands slowly apart.

Curator Perkins is in readiness with the force-feeding mechanism. This consists of a five-foot section of two and a half-inch fire hose. It has previously been packed with a meal of ground meat and bone. The hose is also treated with slippery elm slime to keep it from bruising the snake's throat.

Perkins very carefully inserts the hose into the snake's mouth and pushes it in a distance of about two feet. Then with an iron plunger the food is forced into the snake. When the hose has been emptied a second and similar portion is administered.

The feeding is not over yet. Should the meal, which consists of about fourteen pounds of ground meat and bone, be allowed to remain too close to the snake's mouth he might spit it up. So the dinner is massaged down to the reptile's stomach which is located in about the middle of his body. Each of the men, stationed at the front part of the snake, grabs a hump caused by the food which has been forced in, and works it along to the man next to him, like the players passing a basketball, until the meal has reached the python's stomach.

Before the big snake is returned to his cage, Curator Perkins becomes a dentist and a throat doctor and makes a careful inspection of the reptile's throat and teeth to ascertain if they have been bruised by the big hose. The mouth is thoroughly flushed out with water and particles of meat which may have lodged between the teeth carefully removed by means of pincers. Using a cotton swab, which has been saturated with an antiseptic, any bruised spots are thoroughly treated.

This careful treatment is necessary after feeding. Last year an infection developed from a bruise which made it necessary for the python to go on an absolute fast for nine months. Zoo officials at first thought that the poison in the infection would be assimilated naturally by the snake. But after eight months had passed and the abscess continued to grow they decided to operate. The force-feeding crew was brought into action. While they held the snake quiet a doctor made two incisions in the abscess and drained off nearly two quarts of matter. The wounds were treated by a diathermic needle. Within a month the infection had disappeared and the snake was ready for force-feeding again.

When the force-feeding was first started, Mr. Perkins hoped that after a while the snake would take the hint and eat of its own accord. He now believes that it will never again eat voluntarily.

There have been many theories advanced for the python's refusal to eat. Some think he is too lazy. Others that he is stubborn. Curator Perkins said that it may be the python has not been offered the kind of food that he was accustomed to in the jungles of his native India, and being a finicky eater, has turned up his nose at food not to his liking.

The tiny mouse deer which abound in certain parts of the Malayan region and India, from where the pythons come, are known to be a favorite food of the big snakes. Monkeys who stray down from the tree tops and into the path of a hunting python also are choice morsels. The zoo could hardly be expected to furnish this type of food with mouse deer retailing at $250 a pair and any kind of monkey costing from $25 up.

In these days when so many human beings are going hungry, the spectacle of the big snake turning up its nose at food such as spring chicken is a strange one. Then considering the trouble that the python had to go to, to hunt down its prey in the wild state, it would seem that he would be only too glad to eat food obtained without effort.

Curator Perkins believes it is just possible that the python refuses to eat in captivity because he has not killed his own food. The python is one of the surest, and most deadly of the jungle hunters. He is a night prowler, his elliptical eye-balls, which are slit like a cat's, make it possible for him to see on the darkest nights. The python is not a venomous snake, depending on poison to kill, but crushes the life out of his victims with his great strength.

He lies in wait for his prey coiled beside a game trail or near a water hole. He can afford to be patient, since without any discomfort whatever, he can go several weeks without food. But when an unfortunate animal passes within striking distance of the big snake and finds him in a hungry mood, it seldom escapes.

The little mouse deer are as quick as the wink of an eye, but the strike of the python is swifter. As the unwary animal leaps within reach of the coiled python, he reaches out in a long strike and fastens his needle-like teeth in the deer's flesh. Snapping forward with the quickness of a steel spring, the powerful body of the snake coils itself about the victim before it has an opportunity to tear loose. The eye of the python is true and his strike so certain that to come within reach means almost certain death.

With the deer enfolded in his great coils, the python proceeds slowly to crush the life out of his prey. Experience has taught the snake not to swallow live food which might cut his interior with convulsive kicks of sharp hoofs or with its teeth.

In the tight grasp of the snake's coils breathing is impossible, blood vessels burst and even some of the smaller bones crack. When the snake feels his prey go limp he noses over until he finds the hard part, which tells him he has come upon the head of his victim, and swallows it head first.

The python requires about five days to digest his food, whereas a man normally digests his dinner in about three hours. Although there are often periods of weeks in between a snake's meals he is a more frequent drinker. The python treats himself to a drink about once a week. He weighs about 150 pounds and Perkins wishes he would take some interest in the new Mae West fashion of more plumpness.

Curator Perkins Picks the Serpent's Teeth of All the Particles of Meat That Have Remained, and With a Swab and Antiseptic Treats Any Bruises in the Snake's Mouth and Throat Which May Have Been Made by the Rubber Hose.

Because of the flexibility of a python's head structure he can swallow game of remarkable size. The bones of the jaw are loosely attached with elastic cartilage and sinew. The halves of the lower jaw are attached only by elastic ligaments allowing them to be widely separated. Some of the larger pythons can swallow a deer the size of a collie dog.

The reticulated python, which gets its name from the reticulated, or network design of its body markings, is of a species which is considered the largest snake in the world. It is impossible to estimate the average age of a python. Perkins says his 19-foot specimen is anywhere from 10 to 100 years old.

© 1931, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Just Like Aladdin And His Lamp

WHEN Aladdin, of the Arabian Nights stories, came home and found his thrifty wife had sold his magic lamp to a shrewd peddler, he was furious and had he been able to find his well-meaning mate, doubtless he would have chastised her. The other day Pierre Chazarin, government clerk in Paris, felt he had been victimized by a too thrifty wife even as Aladdin had of old.

The chief characters in this present-day version of the old fairy tale, do not much resemble the usual pictures of the young Aladdin and his lovely princess. M. Chazarin, the modern hero, is a middle-aged clerk in the employ of the French Government and his wife is a plain, industrious woman who for the last thirty years has been pinching pennies and worrying about an oncoming "rainy day." Not very exciting folk to be sure. One would hardly expect them to qualify for the sort of stirring events that befell Aladdin. And superficially, it is true, there appear to be many differences between the two stories.

Chazarin has never had a magic lamp or a magic ring; he has never been able to summon a Genie when he wanted one. In fact, he has probably never wanted one. He has never been tricked by a wicked magician, or lived in a palace, or known even a high government official let alone a Sultan. And yet, in spite of all these "nevers," the events through which he has just been run (like a soiled shirt through a clothes wringer) are essentially the same as the events which occurred to his legendary prototype—minus the happy ending.

Fairy tale readers will recall how the young princess, during Aladdin's absence, let his old lamp, of whose magic properties she was ignorant, be traded for a new one. And thereupon the home of Aladdin was disrupted.

Madame Chazarin, suffering from a comparable ignorance, likewise gave away her husband's most valuable possession and with a similar result. Although today she and her husband are not separated by thousands of miles, as were the Princess Badroulboudour and Aladdin (before everything turned out all right in the end), they might just as

Chazarin Made a Strangling Sound, and Only the Neighbors Were Able to Prevent an Attack Upon His Wife. The Disappointed Man, in His Rage at the Loss of a Fortune, Had Seized a Bread Knife, Intending to Stab Mrs. Chazarin.

well be, because they are on the verge of getting a divorce.

The circumstances which led to this unhappy finale began when M. Chazarin paid 100 francs ($6 currently) for a ticket in the French State Lottery, on the chance of winning 5,000,000 francs ($300,000). He told his pennywise wife: "I have never taken a chance in my life, but now I'm going to, before I die."

Mme. Chazarin's sense of frugality was outraged but she refrained from saying anything.

When the lottery winners were announced a few weeks ago, Chazarin found that his number had won 50,000 francs. He recklessly left his desk in the middle of the afternoon, stopped at the corner wine shop for some champagne to celebrate with, and burst into his home waving the bottles in the air. Half the neighborhood was at his heels, thinking he had suddenly lost his mind. Mme. Chazarin was inclined to share this opinion until her husband had quieted down enough to explain what had happened. Then it was her turn to appear insane.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried. "Only a week ago I sold your ticket to the baker. He gave me fifty francs for it. And now it has won fifty thousand. Alas, alas!"

Chazarin made a strangling sound and was with difficulty restrained from running his wife through with a bread knife. Then he thought of a plan. "Imbecile! Idiot! You have ruined us!" He went out of the house and on the following day asked an attorney to represent him in a divorce suit.

"But on what grounds can you expect the court to let you have a divorce?" asked the attorney.

"Grounds enough!" cried Chazarin. "Fraud! Conjugal fraud!"

"Well," said the attorney, "there are no such grounds as that in any law book I know of. But I will take your case, nevertheless—because I think you have reason. Let us hope that the court thinks so also."

So Chazarin is even now attempting to convince the French court that "he has reason."

It is fortunate for those who like their fairy tales with happy endings that the reactions of Aladdin and Chazarin in a similar situation were not the same. Aladdin did not give way to anger, but, spurred by fear of his father-in-law, set about trying to recover his lost property—which included not only his lamp, but also his palace and his wife —from the clutches of the wicked magician. He had lost the services of one powerful Genie when the lamp passed out of his possession, but he still had another to fall back on. So with the aid of Genie No. 2, who had almost been overlooked in the excitement, he finally succeeded in getting everything back. He and the princess then lived happily ever after with both Genies dropping in on them occasionally for a pleasant evening at home.

Aladdin's lamp was not turned over to anyone as ordinary and humdrum as a baker. A magician got the lamp, and for that reason is the villain of the story, though it must be admitted that from a strictly common sense point of view he seems to have had more right to it than Aladdin. He was the one who first found out about it, and if it hadn't been for him Aladdin probably would have ended his days in jail.

Having discovered where the lamp was hidden, the magician—with not altogether honorable intentions—picked the previously unheard-of young man to help him get it. He had to have someone because it was so specified in his magic books. And Aladdin seemed a good prospect because he was the no-account son of a poor tailor, and would most likely not be missed after serving his purpose.

But as it turned out, the magician neither got his lamp nor did away with his assistant according to plan. Instead, he lost his temper at Aladdin's slowness, sealed him up in the earth with one mightly charm, and went back to Africa, where he had come from. It was not long before Aladdin discovered that about a 10,000-watt Genie came with the lamp, whose owner he now was, and with the aid of this monster freed himself from his underground confinement, and then, after miscellaneous adventures, won the hand of the princess.

Real Life Happenings Often Stranger Than Fiction

CERTAINLY there is truth in the old proverb that "Fact is stranger than Fiction."

Attorney Ray T. Hendricks, of Belleville, Illinois, claims to have discovered the genuine and original "forgotten man" that everyone was talking about last year. Eighteen years ago, a negro named Joseph Douglas was sentenced to from one to fourteen years in the penitentiary for manslaughter. With good behavior Joe ought to have gotten out in about three years and he was so good that nobody noticed him. Everyone forgot Joe, which is not so surprising as that even Joe himself forgot. Asked how he happened to be so careless, Joe said:

"It wasn't my job to bother watching the calendar. It did seem awful long, but then I'd heard time passes slow in prison so I wasn't surprised. If I've been boarding here longer than I was supposed to, it's the fault of the white men that run the prison, not me.

"If they were smart enough to put me in here I though' they must know enough to put me out when the time came. I've been dispossessed, thrown off trains and out of lots of better places than this without saying a word."

Colonel, said to be the oldest horse in the United States, behaves as befits one of his years never having treated with man, bird or beast. His master, on a farm near Seattle, decided to celebrate Colonel's thirty-sixth birthday with a party, to which were invited a few of the old horse's best friends, two cows, a rooster and a duck. On a table was a birthday cake and many other delicacies. It would be pleasant to relate that these old friends made merry till the cows went home, but they did not.

A Philadelphia Policeman, Pursuing a Burglar Over Several Roofs, Lost His Quarry, but Fell Through a Skylight Into the Midst of a Gambling Party, and Raided It.

The duck, wishing to investigate the first birthday cake it had even seen, was pecked at and finally driven away by the rooster, who seemed to think it was his party. The cows mooed their protest at such bad manners, and then one of them knocked the table over with her horns. At this old Colonel uttered his first horse laugh in ten years and walked out of his own party.

Dreams are certainly queer things. Arthur Kaplan, a cigar maker of Chicago, had a vivid dream that he ought to see the rabbi right away about buying himself a plot in the cemetery. Although only 40 years old and in good health, the first thing in the morning Kaplan obeyed the dream and proved that the idea was right. On his way home he was killed by an automobile.

A Philadelphia policeman, pursuing a burglar over the roofs of the city, might have caught him if he had not fallen through a skylight. Nice luck for the burglar but not for several gentlemen who were enjoying a little game of cards and dice when the policeman landed with a crash and a shower of glass on the table. The cop, annoyed at losing his burglar, decided these petty offenders were better than nothing and took them to the station house with him.

Criminals, when at large, live by killing and destroying. When captured their trials are a financial burden on the communities that try them. Which they live there at the expense of the tax-payer. Brilliant minds have tried in vain to derive some return from these public enemies. The Rev. John Keating is an exception. He had lost the combination to the church safe and found that it would cost a lot of money to get an expert to come out from Chicago. So he asked the warden of Joliet Prison to lend him the services of one of his experts.

The warden obliged and presently a much pleased gentleman in stripes, accompanied by a couple of guards, arrived and operated on the safe with commendable efficiency. Everyone agreed that the "yeggman" knew his business and everybody was pleased, most of all the "expert," who had never hoped to have the fun of demonstrating his skill before an audience.

James Evans, who has been an inmate of Clinton Prison, New York, for seven years, has as a cellmate a sparrow that refuses to fly away. For this reason Traina received the unusual permission of digging anywhere in the prison grounds for worms for his pet. However, he must dig only under the eye of a guard and not too long or too deep lest the habit might grow on him until some day he should forgetfully dig his way out. He still has 16 years to serve.

A man in a mental hospital was seen pounding himself on the head with a hammer, and when questioned as to his motive, answered: "Because it feels so good when I stop." This explanation, coming from an idiot, was quite to be expected, but the great poet, Lord Byron, used to inflame his mouth and throat with red pepper because it made a cold drink taste better.

Dogs have often enough been used by their masters to drive away process servers, but only once has it been recorded that one has been used to serve a process on its own master. For days process servers had vainly tried to get at W. T. Millington, of San Francisco, because he would not open the door to them. The besiegers noticed that his fox terrier frisking around the yard always picked up the evening paper when the newsboy tossed it over the fence and carried it into the house. One afternoon they folded up a copy of the summons and complaint and one of them, as he hurried past, tossed it carelessly over the fence. The dog picked it up, ran to the door and scratched. Millington peered out the window, made sure that nobody was in the yard, opened the door and, in the presence of witnesses, took the paper from the dog's mouth. It was a legal acceptance of service.

Just at dawn recently, the police of the station nearest to the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, were disturbed by the invasion of hysterical pedestrians who screamed that a huge lion was loose in the Place. People who are out that late usually have a "breath," and these were no exception, so the sleepy police were not inclined to take the story seriously. Finally they sent a bored policeman on a bicycle to investigate. He pedaled slowly away, but came flying back riding like a madman.

"It is true," he gasped, his eyes popping. "Wake M. le Commissaire, but do not pull the general alarm siren. Mon Dieu! Do not do that. The invader of the beast is asleep. If we are quick and silent we may kill him before he attacks anyone."

With haste and efficiency the crisis was met. The riot squad, with rifles, machine guns and bombs invaded the Place whence all but them had fled. But nothing happened because the lion was already thoroughly dead. He had belonged to a traveling circus and died from natural causes. Just before the show left town its thrifty manager thought it would be cheaper to take the remains in a taxi and dump them on the streets of Paris, thus saving the expense of burial.

Every fisherman knows that when a fish discovers that it has made a mistake, it uses much skill and dexterity in shaking even a good, sharp hook out of its mouth. Eddie Green, aged sixteen, was not even fishing but just wading in a small lake near Des Moines, Iowa. A catfish, seeing one of Eddie's toes rising slowly out of the mud, grabbed it, a careless though perhaps pardonable blunder. However, the young man's actions should have made it clear to any fish that it was in error. Yet, instead of letting go and swimming away, the fish clamped down all the harder. After Eddie spent half an hour in kicking and yelling, an ambulance was called. It took boy and fish to the hospital where the surgeons were forced to cut the fish's head to pieces to rescue the toe.

St. George, Bermuda, is a prosperous place, with many rich residents. One day a meddling and muddling committee organized itself and called on all the wealthy residents, asking if they realized how they had been neglecting their deserving poor. Why, there wasn't even a poor house in the town. In shame at such neglect and selfishness, the rich men wrote big checks and soon one of the finest poor houses of its size in the world was built. When it was all done, they looked around for inmates and found that there were not any poor. Finally one old man who had lost both legs was persuaded to move into the mansion and there he lives all alone in his glory.

Jackdaws and some other birds steal objects that seem strangely inappropriate to a bird's pursuit of happiness, but human thieves are sometimes equally peculiar. Men have been known to steal Bibles to read them and an eleven-year-old orphan boy of Jacksonville, Florida, stole a tombstone for his mother's grave. Instead of locking him up for this queer larceny, the police are trying to find the boy a job by which he may settle for the stone on the easy-payment plan. The youngster explained that he thought his mother in Heaven would be pleased by his theft.

Strange Crime Wave Among The Seagulls

FOR many years the National Association of Audubon Societies has maintained a haven or sanctuary for seagulls at Great Duck Island, a few miles south of Bar Harbor on the Maine coast. It has been estimated that at the cost of trimming, sawing and transporting these trees in the form of four-foot pulpwood logs was considered it was found the costs would more than eat up the profits. So the big trees were allowed to rot where they had fallen.

Now these trees are no more than bare, gnarled, fantastic skeletons of trunks, branches and crumbling stumpage—literally a dead forest. This seems to make a strong appeal to the gulls, who make the withered timber their community center. And here has been enacted one of the strangest bird tragedies known to ornithologists. Throughout the Dead Forest the lighthouse keepers in their capacity as caretakers over the birds were alarmed at the number of dead gulls they came across.

Everyday the keepers found additional lifeless gulls. Soon the numbers mounted to the hundreds. Inexplicable, yet close examination showed that every victim had a gaping wound in its skull at the base of the brain. No gunners dared to come to the island; there had been no sound of shots; no bullets were found in the heads or elsewhere. Yet the number of gulls dead with crushed skulls grew.

Captain Frederick Rackliffe, an old fisherman who had camped at the North End for a few weeks to be nearer the lobster fishing grounds, solved the mystery. Armed with a spyglass he secreted himself at a sheltered spot in the nearby wooded land and watched the Dead Forest and the gulls. To the great relief of the Audubon folks and the wardens he found out what was going on.

"There was a pair of herring gulls among them gulls," he explains. "I never heard of such a thing before, but I've seen it now with my own eyes. Can't say what started it. Maybe some mother gull boasted she had the prettiest babies. Maybe some of the old man gulls been staying out late nights. But I'm sure it was a bird jealousy of some kind that started the feud.

"As near as I could make out, when a mother gull left her nest and started out for a walk with her young ones, two other gulls, a female and a male I know, would swoop down on her from out of the Dead Forest and before she knew what had hit her they would peck a hole right in the top of her head! Never in many years of observation of sea birds had I ever seen anything like that before.

"They were not the only pair of killers. By no means, for I saw countless others of these unique murders. They were always committed by birds in pairs though, a male and female, I am pretty sure. That convinced me the motive was jealousy. Strangely enough, they have apparently settled their misunderstandings for no more gull murders have been noted for some time. I estimated that at least 300 gulls had lost their lives in this tragic manner before I found out what was going on."

Shelters For Travelers In The Rockies

LIKE the hospices of the St. Bernard brothers in the Alps, shelter huts are being maintained in the Rockies by the Colorado National Forest service and the Mountain Park system. There are no watchful monks and trained St. Bernard dogs in these little houses, but they have served their purpose by saving from death or illness many a mountain climber who has found himself caught in a sudden storm far above Timberline.

There are not many sportsmen who try to scale Colorado's lofty peaks in the Winter time, but even in Summer a storm at an elevation of over 13,000 feet is something far different from a shower in the valley. Transition from sunshine to storm can come almost without warning, and, although the squall may pass as quickly as it rose, lives may be endangered if there is not temporary protection at hand.

The trail to Long's Peak leads the climber up 14,225 feet of dangerous and exhausting slopes. There are two shelter huts on the way which have proved lucky havens in many an emergency. Boulder Field Cabin, seven miles from the automobile road, is a shelter constantly used on Summer nights by climbers who have been caught in a storm or who have underestimated the time necessary to get back to the valley before dark. At this elevation the temperature is below freezing every night even in July. Meals are served in the Boulder Field shelter and the visitor may stay overnight if he wishes, for the cabin is fitted with snug bunks.

Farther up the mountain at the Keyhole, where the narrow foot trail passes through a gap in a sharp ridge and where the steep granite slope to the summit begins, stands the Agnes Vaille storm shelter, often referred to

The Maintenance of Shelter Huts in the Rockies Has Brought About a Rescue Service for Tourists and Mountain Climbers Who Meet With Accident or Get Lost and Face Consequent Hardships.

as the Beehive. It is a picturesque stone hut built along the lines of some of the ancient dwellings in Apulia, the "beehive" of Italy. The stone with which to build it was near at hand, but all the necessary sand, cement and other materials had to be "packed" up the old horse trail and then carried on men's backs up the last half-mile and a 500-foot rise. The walls, the floor, the bench and even the beehive roof are of stone. Only the door is of wood.

There is no caretaker at the Beehive, but it is open at all times for hikers. Kindling and wood are furnished for cooking purposes. About eight years ago two persons who had lost their way in a storm died of exposure near the spot where the shelter is located, and if it had then been in existence their lives would have been saved.

Perhaps the best known mountain refuge in Colorado is Summit Hotel, on the top of Pike's Peak, the most famous sentinel of the Rockies. It is built entirely of stone and there is a steel observation tower from which the guests may see the sun rise below them, a scenic novelty that no one ever forgets. The hotel has a lunch room and a souvenir store and another modern improvement which no other shelter in the Rockies can boast—a telegraph office from which mountain climbers can send their "Having a fine time, wish you were here" messages from Pike's Peak. The hotel is always above the clouds. It is closed during the Winter months, for Pike's Peak is practically impossible to climb then, even by the hardiest adventurers.

Glen Cove Inn, often spoken of as "Half Way House" because it is just at Timberline, half the distance up Pike's Peak, is another spot which has proved welcome to many climbers in trouble. It is surrounded by huge logs and there is a big stone fireplace and other lunching conveniences. During a few months of the year a caretaker lives there and meals can be had. Glen Cove is set in a beautiful natural amphitheatre and is one of the most attractive as well as practical shelter houses in the mountains.

A cabin just recently built is the one on the edge of Timberline Plateau high above the road in Berthoud Pass. It is a shelter for skiing sportsmen. Skiing is a popular Winter pastime here because the Pass is an easy distance from Denver and there is an abundance of snow and the right kind of slopes. This cabin is maintained by the skiing and mountain clubs in Denver, but it is also open at any time to mountain climbers who need shelter.

Camp Sneffles in Ouray County, on the trail up Mount Sneffles, is a comfortable shelter that has a trap door under the eaves so that visitors can get in when high snow drifts have blocked the door.

Mount Evans, which rises to a height of 14,259 feet, has a little foot trail leading to the top which attracts many hiking parties. Five miles from the summit is Echo Lake Lodge, overlooking Echo Lake. It is operated by the Denver Parks on the "American" hotel plan. Almost one entire side of the lobby is of glass, affording a wonderful view of Echo Lake and the surrounding mountain peaks.

A small hut has been erected about a mile from the top and has been equipped with rough conveniences for the hiker. It is called Summit Lake Cabin and is near the lake that bears that name. As at the Beehive, there is no caretaker at Summit Lake but the big stone fireplace is often used, for at this point on Mount Evans the snow is rarely gone, the wind blows with a vengeance and the temperature is low.

Storm shelters are to be built soon along other trails in the Rockies. One which will soon be ready is the cabin that will welcome climbers on their way to the Mount of the Holy Cross, which is located near Minturn, Colo. Each year a non-denominational pilgrimage is made up this granite peak by people from all parts of the country. In the face of its steepest precipice are two transverse ravines, always filled with snow, which form a magnificent glittering cross. Hundreds of people make the ascent every year. A shelter has long been needed on this trail and is soon to be supplied.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Insane Evangelist Kills Instead Of Cures

Apostolic Faith Healer With Mystic Ceremonies Undertakes to "Drive the Devils" From a Crippled Child and She Dies During the Ceremonials While the Deluded Mother and Father of the Little One Look On

The Forlorn Shack Which Was the Home of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Clayton in a Desolate Part of Cass County, Texas, Where They Lived With Their Paralytic Daughter, Bernice.

Paul Oakley, Who Proclaimed Himself an Evangelist and Apostolic Faith Healer, Could Neither Read Nor Write, but He Learned From Bible Pictures That the Saviour Healed the Sick by "Laying On of Hands" and "Casting Out of Devils," and Thus He Began to Practise His Own Interpretation of the Saviour's Methods and Miracles.

WHAT makes people deliberately seek a fool's advice?

This old question was recently raised again, in Texas, by the murder of poor little Bernice Clayton, a three-and-a-half-year-old child.

The murderer was Paul Oakley, a half-witted evangelist preacher and "apostolic faith healer," only twenty years old, who was crazy enough to have done most anything.

But the tragedy would never have happened if the parents of the child and many other people, supposedly of some education and intelligence, had not gone to this almost mindless illiterate for spiritual and even medical guidance instead of to a reputable physician or ordained minister who at least had the advantage of considerable knowledge and training on the subject.

This pathetic drama of stupidity, worthy of the Dark Ages, happened in the most desolate part of Cass County, Texas, where newspapers, telephones and highways do not penetrate. Yet only thirty miles away is one of the richest oil fields in the world and much up-to-date activity. Sherman Clayton, farmer and lumber cutter, with his wife and daughter Bernice, lived in a small farm house. The little girl was half paralyzed as the result of infantile paralysis. The country doctor had done his best and told the parents that the child would probably improve if they would follow his instructions about massage and exercises.

But he did not guarantee a cure nor even leave them any pills or drops to give her, so they decided he wasn't much of a doctor and looked around for quicker action. Both Mr. and Mrs. Clayton are devoutly religious, reading their Bible every day and taking every word of it literally. Therefore it was not surprising that they asked the two nearest regular ordained ministers what to do. These, however, made no attempts to heal the child by any divine power, merely advising them to follow the doctor's orders and to pray for success.

No doubt there were more skilled specialists in the big cities and more learned theologians, but the Claytons had gotten the best local advice and one would think that common sense would have made them follow it until they could get in touch with someone who knew more. Instead, they put their child's life in the hands of a person who was probably as dangerously unfit as anyone who could be found outside of an institution.

Poor Little Bernice Clayton, Whose Unhappy Life Was Finally Ended by the Insane Ceremonials of the "Apostolic Faith Healer."

Paul Oakley, the Itinerant Evangelist, Who Could Neither Read Nor Write, but Practised Faith Healing.

Paul Oakley and his older brother Coy, who is not quite 23, wandered into the neighborhood some months before from Hopkins County. Coy was not especially bright, but he had at least learned to read and write. Paul, after going to school steadily until he was fifteen years old, was given up as a helpless moron.

In all that time, according to testimony of his father and his teacher, he had not been able to learn anything, even to read or to write except to sign his own name.

On his father's farm he could not be trusted to do even the simplest work, unless someone kept a constant eye on him. Sent on an errand he had to keep saying to himself all the way what he was to do. If anyone happened to exchange hellos with him, that knocked the idea out of his head, forcing the boy to go all the way home again to get his father to tell him once more what he was after.

This semi-imbecile, at the age of twenty was not competent to repair a wheelbarrow, to say nothing of treating a sick horse. Mr. Clayton knew better than to trust such things to Paul, yet he placed his little daughter's life in the hands of this naturally-born idiot who by this time, according to medical experts at the trial, had added insanity to feeble-mindedness.

Of course Clayton did not do such a dreadful thing without what he considered a good reason. Paul and his brothers, though unsuccessful tenant farmers, had made quite a stir as preachers of the evangelical type. Of the two, Paul was the star. When "the power was on him," he would ascend the pulpit or a soap box and with windmill gestures and terrific vehemence preach a sermon that not only held the attention of full-grown men and women but caused many to "see the light and be saved."

At the trial the question arose as to what sort of eloquence this was that impressed his hearers. W. Z. Kitts, an educated and intelligent man, district clerk of Hopkins County, testified that on several occasions he had listened to Paul's preaching and could not make a word of sense of it.

"I could not understand a single thing he said," the official told the court. "He was very untidy and seemed to be frothing at the mouth."

Clayton and the others could not understand him either, and for that reason thought his preaching deep and inspired. So the father consulted this brainless lout about his sick child. Paul looked at the little girl and saw at once that she was "possessed of a devil." The only cure was to cast out the devil by prayer and "laying on of hands." Though Paul could not read it himself, he got his brother and others to read the Bible to him. The moron, with the mind of a child of four years, who couldn't remember to get a pitchfork from the barn without naming it at every step, managed to retain quite a smattering of Biblical lore.

It was the common belief at the time when the New Testament was written that most diseases were caused by a devil entering into the patient. Paul understood that the Saviour had performed cures by casting out these devils and so had some of the apostles. He was an "apostolic faith healer" which meant that he was following in the footsteps of the apostles, with the same power to make miraculous cures if he had sufficient faith.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, devout fundamentalists, believed this was true. Provided he had the faith, and the spirit was in him, it did not matter whether he also had any brains or not. Still they hesitated, wondering if he was the right person and asked for a sign. Promptly there was a "sign."

While Paul and his brother stood shouting prayers and hallelujahs at the child, Eunice got up from her chair and tottered a few steps toward the door before she collapsed. It seems that she had managed to do this once or twice before under stress of excitement, and probably did so now to escape from the howling stranger who was hanging over her. But the Claytons hailed it as a "sign" and decided to let Paul do his "laying on of hands" the first time he "felt the power was on him."

This happened the very next day, a cold December morning, when Paul and his brother arrived just after breakfast time. There is some doubt of just how the ceremony of laying on of hands was originally performed and Paul hadn't the slightest idea. But that did not matter because he always did as the "spirit moved him."

The ceremony started early in the morning and went on without interruption until about one o'clock in the afternoon. Paul was the only one who actually handled the child, but her father was in the room and so was the evangelist's brother. Their part was to help drive out the devil by praying at the top of their lungs and shouting loud hallelujahs. The mother had to work in the kitchen, but she did her part praying and occasionally looking in the door to see how the devil-exorcising was going on.

Since all three men were on trial for this killing, and the mother was an interested witness, the account of this ceremony is somewhat vague and conflicting. Mrs. Clayton says that she saw no violence on the occasions when she looked in. Once the child was in its father's lap, at another time she was lying on a cot with Paul working and praying over her. Paul's brother, exhausted from his vocal efforts, was lying on another cot nearby while Mr. Clayton leaned against the wall.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Clayton, Parents of Little Bernice, Who Looked On While the Half-Wit Evangelist Destroyed the Life of Their Paralyzed Daughter.

Sherman Clayton, the father, who was an almost constant spectator, must have seen his daughter killed before his eyes and yet did not suspect anything, such was his exaltation of mind. He can remember that Paul shook her about a bit. But then, almost up to modern times, it was the custom to beat lunatics and others who were mysteriously ailing, in order to "beat the devil out of them." He thought the paralysis devil in his own baby was an unusually stubborn one, giving the healer a lot of trouble. Since the "spirit" was guiding Paul, anything he did must be all right.

Finally, a little after noon, Mrs. Clayton came in from the kitchen and saw her daughter strangely white and limp on the floor. The mother suspected that something had happened but before she had time to ask, Paul said to her:

"See the sweet smile on her face."

Curiously enough, it was true. In spite of hours of fright and torture ending in being strangled, poor little Bernice's face, after death, had formed a fixed smile. Just then there was a knock at the door and Coy Oakley opened it on the puzzled eyes of George Wilson, a neighbor who had finally come to investigate these strange shoutings he had heard all day.

"Get out of here!" yelled Paul from the floor. "We don't allow devils in here."

"You call me a devil?" asked the astonished caller. Paul repeated his statement and his brother evangelist slammed the door. Wilson went home wondering at the glimpse he had gotten of those strange doings.

"Paul was down on all fours," he stated later, "and never looked up at me. He was pulling the child up and down on the floor and she looked as if she were dead. There was the pallor of death in her face."

The more he thought of it, the more certain he was that this half-witted soul-saver was bouncing a dead child around on the floor. Later his suspicions were verified when Paul came over to borrow some sheets, explaining that God had taken the little one's soul, just as they were praying for her to get well. Wilson, being no fool, sent word to the authorities and next day Sheriff Nat Curtright arrested the healers and later both parents. An autopsy revealed that Bernice had been strangled to death.

"God commanded me to cast the devil out of this child and cure her by laying on of hands and so I did," said Paul, with every evidence of sincerity. "But it must have been the devil himself who made me strangle her."

He had followed Scripture as literally and exactly as he could and if something went wrong it must be the devil's fault, not his. This theological defense was changed to one of pure insanity at his recent trial in Linden, Texas. In spite of the testimony of medical experts, including Dr. George F. Powell, head of the Texas State Hospital for the Insane, at Terrell, that Paul was an irresponsible lunatic and the equally convincing statements of his father and Miss Velma Moody, his school teacher, that the evangelist had always been almost an idiot, he was convicted and sentenced to fifty years in prison.

The father who had looked on in a state of religious exaltation while his baby girl was being abused and finally murdered, without realizing, was given eight years imprisonment by a Sulphur Springs jury. Both men are in jail awaiting appeal proceedings. Coy Oakley is there, too, awaiting a new trial. On his first one a jury disagreed.

"I trusted Paul and the Bible and he murdered my little girl," the father said over and over and cannot see why that does not clear him of all responsibility. Asked if the strangling was a necessary part of "laying on of hands," he replied:

"No, that must have been part of Paul's insanity but I didn't notice that he was doing it. It is hard to tell whether a person is crazy or the spirit is working in him."

When he was asked why he had thought it safe to entrust a sick baby to the mercies of a youth with the intelligence of a four-year-old child, he replied:

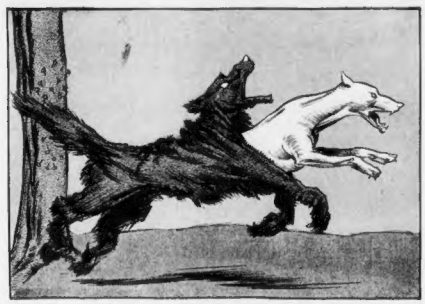
"The Bible says, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.'"

Paul's behavior is not hard to understand when one considers that he did what he thought was right according to a mind that had almost no powers of reasoning. But this does not explain why people in many parts of the country, who are supposed not to be morons or at least have brains enough to read, write, earn a living and vote, should listen to the claims of such a person.

© 1934, by American Weekly Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Championship Medal for the Biggest Liar

Some of the "Tall Stories" Submitted in the National Contest at the Burlington Liars' Club and Mr. Ceresa's Old Clock Whopper Which Got the Prize



The Coyote, Shot With Tacks, Found His Tail Had Been Nailed to a Tree. Whereupon He Promptly Jumped Out of His Skin and Escaped, Leaving His Hide Tacked to the Tree.

FOR several years the National Liars' Club of Burlington, Wisconsin, has awarded prizes for the most preposterous stories of personal experiences sent in by competitors in their annual contest. Mr. O. C. Hulett, president of the club, announces that some 2,500 of the "best lies" have been received during 1933 from forty States.

Last year the club medal was awarded to Mr. Phil McCarthy, of Denver, who wrote that he would not file an entry in the competition this year because he was "too busy drawing up a liars' code." The medal awarded on New Year's Eve, the other day, went to Ben Ceresa, of Langeloth, Pennsylvania. He was crowned champion liar of the United States for his ingenious yarn about his grandfather's clock that was so old the shadow of the pendulum, swinging back and forth, had worn a hole in the back of it.

"In 1933 we had 2,500 liar club entries from 40 States," O. C. Hulett, president of the club, states. "Now this year, 1934, we want every State represented—the entire 48—and no fooling. The eight we haven't heard from, but in which we are sure there must be at least one good modern Munchausen each, are Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Oregon and Alabama."

Mr. Ceresa, an obscure resident of an obscure little town in Pennsylvania, became a "first citizen" almost overnight when he challenged Phil McCarthy of Denver, who held the honors as national champion in 1933, and won with a simple story of only twenty-eight words. With the Burlington judges, however, it's how long contestants can stretch the truth, not how elaborate the narrative is which counts and thus it happened the shortest entry became the favorite with them.

The Doughty Game Cock, "War Horse," Who Came to a Shameful Death—Strangled by an Angle-Worm.

Just before the final selection was to be announced, a telegram was received by the judges, signed by two contestants from Louisiana, suggesting that without further consideration Senator Huey Long of that State be given the medal. "We can furnish 50 of Huey's best specimens within the next 12 hours if you will only consent to enter his name at this late date," the telegram read. The judges, however, refused to break the contest rules even for a United States Senator.

From Benjamin W. Franklin of Highland Park, Ill., came the "runner up" liar of 1933, which had judges guessing. Two were for giving Franklin the first prize for his story about a very, very large turtle, but they finally decided in favor of Ceresa's grandfather's clock because the turtle is still growing and has a chance to compete another year.

"I was talking to a fellow of the sights to be seen at the World's Fair in Chicago," wrote Franklin, "and he said he was at the last fair in 1893, where a turtle was exhibited that had to be shipped on a flat car. Now that was a baby turtle compared to the one I caught in the Mississippi. He was so large he was pushing all the water in front of him and kicking up dust behind."

From the coyote country of Missouri comes this true to life experience of John Laws, who was seriously considered for championship by one of the judges:

"I often hunted in the southern part of Missouri with a shotgun that I took everywhere I went. I loaded my own shells, finding it cheaper than buying them. One day I ran out of shot, but I had plenty of powder and caps so I loaded some shells with carpet tacks and started out.

"A coyote jumped up in front of me and started to run along the sand. I fired at him just as he was passing a tree and one of the tacks pinned his tail to the trunk. The sudden stop and shock caused him to jump out of his skin, leaving a fine pelt hanging on the tree for me. However, when I returned to my shanty the door was open. Thinking I had visitors I sneaked up and looked in. I saw that darned coyote sitting on my bed using my sewing kit and making himself a pair of pants out of my best woolen blanket.

"I felt sorry for the poor animal and tossed his skin into the shanty. He immediately pounced into it, pulled up the zipper, pasted up the torn places and then growled a couple of times as he admired himself in my mirror. He left without saying thank you."

The competition of 1933 was not without its gist of fish stories, the best of which, judges believed, was the one submitted by Bertan Rodgers, Harrisburg, Pa.

"While I was fishing one day I happened to see an extra large fish swimming in the water. I judged it was 60 feet long, just a good size for these parts. He saw my baited hook and grabbed it. My line started to go out like lightning, about 50 feet going off the reel. Then it slackened up and I looked over the bank. There was that trout in the same place. He had just been swallowing the bait! After he had swallowed about 500 yards of line I gave a quick jerk and to my great surprise, I pulled the skeleton of the trout out of his mouth and my line was all tangled up on the backbone. After this happened the fish swam away and I went home empty-handed."

The story of a heavy fog, told by Schuyler Wiltfang, of South Bend, Ind., appeared to be something of a departure from the ordinary.

"It was back in '99," he wrote, "when I was a young man of twenty years. John Winrott and Charles Morgan had the contract for building the old Zaner Grist Mill in Plymouth, Ind., on the banks of the awful foggy old yellow river. I was helping to shingle the mill when by some unlucky move I slipped off the high roof, a distance of some twelve stories, over the river bank.

The Medal Awarded to Mr. Ben Ceresa as the 1933 Champion Munchausen.

"I said 'Goodbye, boys,' and was gone, but always being of an active kind, I saw on my way down on open window. I made a jump and landed inside. When I got up to the roof again the boys were gone on account of the awful fog, but I decided to work a while. It seemed to take me a long time to shingle across, so I investigated and found that I had laid ten feet of shingles on the fog. When I found that out I crawled back on the roof and called it a day."

One of the leading lies was contributed by a Californian, James E. Haddenham, of Alhambra, who told of a unique experience on one of California's little used roads.

"I blew out a tire and had no pump," Haddenham complained, "but I fixed the tire anyway, thinking that if a car came along I could borrow a pump. I placed the tire back on the wheel after having patched it and turned the valve stem toward the wind. The wind was blowing so hard it forced sixty-five pounds pressure of air into the tire before I could put my thumb over the valve stem to shut the air off. I ran the tire 65,000 miles before the rubber and fabric wore off and then I sold the car and the last I saw of it, the car was still running on the air."

Haddenham was not content with telling one story, but submitted a second experience which he says was even more accurate in detail than the first. It all happened while hunting in the beautiful mountains of Texas, he said.

"I had a double-barrel shotgun which I had been cleaning that morning and unthinkingly left the ram rod in the barrel," he vouched. "I came to a stream and to the north of me I saw fifty ducks, to the south there were fifty geese and across the river stood a dandy deer. I didn't know which I wanted to shoot at, and while I was making up my mind I heard a roar and whirling around I saw a big mountain lion charging at me. Well, I had to shoot at the lion in a hurry, but the ram rod being in the barrel, the gun exploded.

"The right-hand barrel flew down the river, killing the fifty geese. The left-hand barrel flew up the river killing the ducks, and the stock flew off the gun and went across the river killing the deer. The ram rod went down the lion's throat and choked him to death and the force of the explosion sent me up in the air and I came down in the river with a quail in each hand and waded out of the water with my boots and pockets filled with fish."

From Long Beach, California, Harold P. Cole submitted the following:

"I have just read the article in The American Weekly about your organization. In my opinion all of your members are only liars of the first water and should be classed with George Washington and his cherry tree story. I am a young fellow of thirty, but my experience in the Winter of 1868 is highly amazing. That year is the only time in history that the San Francisco Bay was frozen over completely.

"As you probably know, 'Frisco Bay is infested with millions of large frogs, in fact they have been known to overturn ferry boats. I happened to be standing at the edge of the bay just as it started to freeze, and in some way all of the frogs were caught in the ice with just their legs sticking up above. Noticing this, I purchased a lawn mower and in about two hours had mowed the entire bay and shipped seventy-five boat loads of frog legs to France. My net returns from the sale were $137,465,720.17."

In the Winter of 1863 All the Frogs in San Francisco Bay Froze With Their Legs Sticking Up. So Mr. Cole (Now 30) With His Lawn Mower Reaped a Huge Harvest of Frogs' Legs.

The contest judges were startled by the contribution of Mrs. J. L. Hartzell of Kokomo, Indiana, one of the many women contributors.

"A man once invented a pair of rubber boots for window washers, so when they fell they wouldn't get hurt but would bounce," Mrs. Hartzell says. "One day a man was washing windows in the Masonic Temple in Chicago. He fell out of the window and bounced for three days and three nights. They had to shoot him to keep him from starving to death."

Furnishing witnesses to vouch for the truth of his yarn, Sycamore Hill of Laclede, Illinois, attempted to appeal to judges with a narrative that occurred in 1879.

"The first evening that I went to work for Peck Davis he sent me down in the timber to drive the cows home and while walking in the woods alone I heard a kind of rustling noise. I looked around and saw a hickory limb so crooked it wouldn't lay still. I hadn't gone far till I heard a gushing sound and found a tree with a hole about eight inches across with pure honey gushing out of it. I thought it was a shame to see good honey going to waste, so I succeeded in getting a chunk of wood that would fit the hole, plugged it up, got the cows, and returned to the house.

"I told my boss what I had located and the next day he decided he'd take a saw, cut the tree down, bring it to the house and take out the honey. Mr. Davis was a very poor farmer and had only one mule, a set of hickory bark harness and a sled. After we had loaded the sled, and started leading the mule to the house, it began to rain. Neither of us looked back, and when we reached the house we discovered the rain had caused the hickory bark harness to stretch, and the sled was still nowhere in sight, being in the woods half a mile away. The boss and I hung the collar and harness over the gate post. The rain soon quit and the sun came out along about 3:30 p. m. and the sled came dragging up the house as the harness shrunk up."

Rodman Turner, of Wharton, N. J., submitted the following tall story:

"A friend of mine kept a score of game cocks. One he called War Horse which was the greatest of all pet fowl in the bunch. He was a beautiful bird and having been winner of battles against other cocks, known to be quick killers, my friend kept him in retirement. One rainy day the old bird was on the lawn feasting on earthworms as they came to the surface. My friend was on the second floor reading his daily paper. He looked up from his paper and saw his old pet War Horse on his back kicking violently. The master jumps up and running downstairs grabs the family broom and goes out to the lawn, but he is too late. One of those earthworms had gotten around the old bird's neck and choked him to death. That's the kind of earthworms we have in North Jersey."

Iowa, where the tall corn grows, has something to learn from the vicinity of Pahokee, Florida, according to W. E. Evans, who tells about the fertility of the muck lands of the Everglades.

"One afternoon I had a craving for some fresh corn and thought it would be very nice if I could have some for breakfast so before retiring one evening I planted some corn in the back yard and bright and early next morning I went out and climbed the stalk, throwing down about a dozen nice ripe ears. I started to descend but to my consternation I found the stalk growing faster than I could climb down so I yelled to a neighbor to bring an ax and cut the stalk down, but it was growing so fast he could not hit twice in the same place. However, I suffered no ill effects from my experience, as I subsisted on corn for the next week while my friends were administering poison to the roots of the stalk, which finally slowed down in its growth sufficiently for me to descend."

O. C. Hulett, President of the Liars' Club (at Right) Going Over the Hundreds of Yarns Submitted, With L. J. Stang and H. W. Schenning, the Other Two Judges.

The Fog Was So Dense as the Carpenter Was Shingling the House, Says This Gifted Indiana Liar, That He Worked Right Off the Roof and Laid Shingles on the Fog for Ten Feet.

Expressing the hope that McCarthy, 1932 champion, will not be offended, A. T. Dunn, Denton, Kansas, submitted two of his experiences in Arkansas and Kansas.

"When I first settled in Arkansas just below Hot Springs and butchering time came we just drove the hogs through the hot springs and then chased them home through the brush to scrape the hair off," he writes. "In later years I moved to Kansas, raised stag hounds and had some very fast dogs. The dry weather was a drawback, however, as I would often have to soak the dogs overnight in water to keep them from setting the grass on fire. They would run so fast. Yes, it sure was dry out there. I have seen frogs two years old that could not swim."

The recent California flood, which took many lives, had none of the possibilities of a real catastrophe that was described by Woodrow Wilson (no relation to the war President), of Miller, South Dakota.

"A few years ago," he narrated, "I was out in Washington trying to find a place where the climate would agree with my health, so I went out in the cattle country. The ranchers insisted that I start a creamery, and I did, so they would have an outlet for their milk. After we got the creamery started, it didn't take long before we were running night and day.

"A few of the small ranchers milked only about 1,000 cows. Of course, we favored the largest producers by buying their milk first. We had twenty-nine large churns for the first week and then we had to have more churns every couple of days. I never did try after the first three weeks to find out how many churns we really did have. But I do know this: The buttermilk was run out on the ground soon filled a large dry ditch and it soon spread over that valley three miles below me, so they had to start using a ferry boat to cross the stream. Two miles farther down there was a man who started a saw mill, using the buttermilk for water power to operate the mill. After a short time the stream began to cut in the side of a big hill and then one day the hill caved in, making a dam 37 feet high clear across the valley. The buttermilk backed up and flooded the creamery, washing it 76 miles down the valley, so I went out of the business and moved to South Dakota. Please don't class me with those liars in your club."

Runner-up for the Championship—the Turtle So Big That He Swept the Mississippi River Ahead of Him and Kicked Up Dust With His Heels.

Richard McKenna of Dayton, O., told a tall one about a man whom every shoemaker in his State has been looking for ever since the story was made public. This particular Ohioan had such large feet that cobblers could not make him shoes in the Winter time. They had to wait until Summer when they could assemble the leather out of doors.

Another eager competitor was a man who lent a muzzle-loading rifle to a friend who was going out to shoot buffalo. It was an old-fashioned weapon, but killed at very long range. As he was doing his hunting in rugged difficult country and sometimes among mountain ranges it often took him several days to reach the animal he had killed. So he devised a remedy by moulding a supply of hollow tipped bullets. Salt poured into the bullet tips preserved the meat until the hunter could walk the many miles which intervened between him and the carcass of the animal he had shot.

It may be interesting to recall the prize-winning lie which won the championship last year for Mr. Phil McCarthy, a heating contractor of Denver, Colorado.

"I was an engineer in a flour mill," ran the lie, "and I took the cat into the engine room with me, partly for company but mostly to get rid of mice, which overran the whole building. The cat fell down on the job. The mice even stole its food.

"One day the cat got a front foot caught in one of the large mill wheels. We had to amputate the foot, and feeling sorry for the animal even though it had failed as a mouser, I carved out a wooden leg for it.

"Then came the surprise. As soon as the cat got used to its artificial leg, it began bringing in mice at the rate of fifteen a minute. I was curious and from the darkness of a bin watched the cat. I saw it hide behind a post. Every time a mouse came by the cat struck and stunned it with the wooden leg. The record kept was 4,704 mice in 49 days.

"The third day I noticed the hair of the mice was all turned the wrong way. I puzzled out the reason. There was a knothole in the cat's post. It looked through this with one eye and peered around the corner with the other. Its many hours of vigil caused it to become cock-eyed. If you ever looked at a cock-eyed cat in the dark you know why the mice's hair turned the wrong way and they dropped dead from fright."

The same officers for the second year head the Burlington Liars' club. They are Mr. Hulett, president; H. W. Schenning, vice-president, and L. J. Stang, secretary-treasurer. All are residents of Burlington. Hundreds of letters have arrived for the 1934 contest already, they report, and look forward to a banner year. The board of directors is considering the publication of a yearly booklet containing the prize lies of each year. The booklet will be sold at a nominal price, so as to acquaint everyone with the very latest in tall stories.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Her Life as Thrilling as Any Movie Plot

Princess Gagarin of the Romanoffs Falls in Love With a Commoner, Is Condemned to Death by the Bolsheviks, a Peasant Woman Is Shot by Error in Her Place, She Fights as a Soldier by His Side, He Dies in Her Arms and She Dedicates Her Life to His Memory

The Princess as a Child When She Played With the Little Commoner Boy Who Was Destined to Be Her Lover.

PRINCESS VALENTINE GAGARIN, a real Princess, not by marriage, but by her own ancient royal blood, and related to the Imperial House of Romanoff, wears the Silver Cross of St. George, the highest award that a soldier of old Russia could win for bravery on the field of battle.

This woman, still young, won it by actually fighting in the ranks and being severely wounded as a soldier when all but her lover thought she was a young man.

Being of the Imperial House of Romanoff seemed to insure her a life of wealth, ease and splendor such as few women could hope for. But this advantage also placed her high above the reach of a young commoner with whom she fell in love. The pair were separated, and it would have been forever but for the Bolshevik Revolution which levelled all ranks, making all people paupers together. This would have fixed it so Princess Valentine could marry her commoner except that she had been thrown into prison along with all the other Romanoffs whom the revolutionists could lay hands on, waiting to be shot. But the Bolsheviks bungled the murder and she got away to face more adventures, including finding her lover, marrying him and then losing him forever.

The Princess was introduced to life amid a scene of melodrama that forecasted what was to come. Her parents, as befitted their proud station in mighty Russia, had taken a long vacation on one of the steam yachts reserved for the Romanoffs. They dallied in the soft climate of Tahiti just one day too long. As a result, when the returning yacht was battling its way against the most severe storm of the year into the harbor of St. Petersburg, little Princess Valentine was born, in a bobbing, plunging stateroom amid thunder, lightning, shrieking wind and sheets of rain that swept across the water horizontally.

The child's grandmother, devout and superstitious as others of her family, considered the storm an ill omen and insisted that the child be brought to her estate to be watched and trained for her high position in court. There little "Valya" was greeted as "Your Highness" and taught to accept the homage of the commoners and the less noble personages.

But the Princess was a self-willed and impetuous child and she wanted companions of her own age. In disobedience of her grandmother's commands, she made friends with the son of a neighbor.

The boy's name was Yura Kaledin, and his parents had to be very rich to live next door to a Romanoff palace. But they were neither royalty nor even nobility, mere commoners and therefore Yura could no more hope to marry little Valya than if he had been a Chinese coolie. He was a nice little boy, however, so perhaps it would do no harm if he played with Valya, or at least so the servants thought, glad to have someone keep the little girl busy while they entertained themselves with court gossip and their own flirtations.

By the time the grandmother took notice, Princess Valentine was sixteen years old and very much in love with the son of her rich but plebeian neighbor. Grandma took prompt and vigorous action. She sent the love-smitten maiden to a villa in Italy where she was to forget Yura and become interested in some youth of her own rank. The Princess grieved and wrote letters to Yura, but there was no answer. The young man had not received them because his parents had been visited by a representative of the Czar himself and given a hint.

The Revolution came, all titles were wiped out, all property eliminated and all the old people, living on their life-savings, found themselves homeless beggars.

The Princess Valentine hadn't a chance to pretend she was not guilty of royal blood. With hundreds of her friends and relatives she sat in prison awaiting her fate, and every day she saw a dozen or so led away to be lined against the wall. One day when only a few were left, her turn came to be marched away.

But the incredible bungling which was wrecking all Russia's railroads and industries, bungled even the business of murdering aristocrats. By some blunder a discharge paper meant for somebody else was handed to the Princess and she went free, while some poor peasant woman, no doubt, had the high social distinction of being shot as a Romanoff.

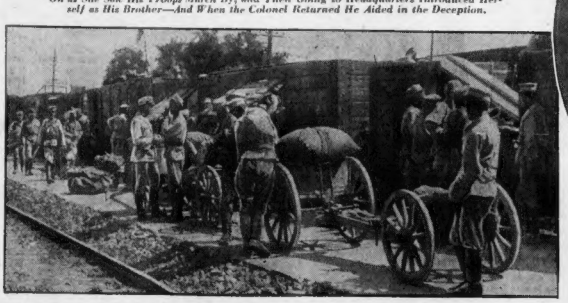
Valya employed her miraculous freedom to make discreet inquiries about Yura Kaledin. Nobody knew for certain what was going on in that seething turmoil but each of her friends as had not been hunted down and shot, said that if the young man was any good at all he would doubtless either be dead or out in the Far Eastern end of the vast country where the White Russians were fighting for a counter revolution.

The Princess had retained one or two pieces of jewelry which she now sold, but the Bolshevik government was printing money so fast that a million dollars' worth of rubles would hardly buy a pair of shoes. Though she received what seemed a fabulous amount for her jewels, the value of the money shrank so overnight that it would not pay her fare more than a few miles toward Siberia.

Again an astounding piece of luck came her way because she happened to be riding in the last car of the train. The conductor, beginning at the other end, had half filled a baggage car with tons of this crazy printing press currency which he knew had reached a point where it was no longer even worth counting. By the time the weary man got to Valya's car he stopped bothering to collect any more cash fares and the disguised Romanoff rode free.

Sure enough, in Siberia she found her boy-friend, a colonel in the White Army and still in love with her. At his headquarters there was a happy reunion but Colonel Kaledin would not hear of her staying around a cavalry regiment. She must go and she did. But not far. She secured a soldier's uniform, and the next day, as Yura's troops were marching by her hiding place, she cut off her long hair, kicked away her high-heeled shoes, put the uniform on and went to headquarters.

When Her Lover, Colonel Kaledin, Ordered Her to Go From Him, the Princess Secured the Uniform of an Officer of His Regiment, Put It On as She Saw His Troops March By, and Then Going to Headquarters Introduced Herself as His Brother—And When the Colonel Returned He Aided in the Deception.



White Russian Troops and One of Their Freight Trains Similar to That Upon Which the Delicately Nurtured Valentine Lived for Weeks as a Soldier.

Her lover being absent, she told them there that she was his brother. She looked like a rather slim and delicate youth, but the White Army was not refusing any recruits.

Colonel Kaledin was thunderstruck to meet his royal sweetheart in regimental uniform and close-cropped head, as his brother. Yet he hesitated to expose her for fear of the other men, who, if they believed her the brother of their colonel would at least treat her with some consideration. In a few days the order came to move to the front. The Princess found herself in a freight car with some young fellows and a few experienced troopers. No one suspected she was not a boy, but all of them considered that her shyness and inability to mingle with them was due to her extreme youth. They called her "mama's boy"; they teased and joked with her about her greenness. Together with several of the other youngsters in the company she was drafted to act as general messenger for the older men, and thus this girl of royal station was sent to buy cigarettes or get hot water for tea at the railroad stations.

The soldiers soon began to admire the Princess for "his" pluck and one night in the freight car voted "him" a regular guy and drank "his" health in vodka. The vodka gave the Princess greater courage and she slapped a soldier who had been particularly mean to her right in the face. From that time on she was accepted by the men as a brave youth with good stuff in him.

As the months went by, the Princess learned to treat her lover in public as if he were indeed her older brother. Then came the day of the first actual fighting. Orders were issued to prepare for a cavalry attack. As the regiment approached the scene of action, the sixteen-year-old Princess found herself frightened and in a cold sweat, but sitting steadily on her horse determined not to disgrace her beloved colonel. Before she realized what was happening, her horse had carried her into the thick of the battle.

But the battle was a victorious one and the soldiers returned to their temporary barracks. The princess sought out her lover but, instead of embracing her, he threatened to expose her, saying that he could no longer tolerate the thought of her being so close to death. They argued far into the night and the princess finally convinced her colonel that under the circumstances, she was safer with him than anywhere else.

Winter set in and with it came the slow agony of the White Army's collapse. The counter-revolution had done surprisingly well at the start, but it had no real resources behind it. The Red Army was a more or less worthless rabble, but it constantly grew in numbers.

As the White Army's food supply began to give out, the vermin multiplied, a torture that fell harder on the Princess Valentine than anyone else. Not only did their bites inflame her dainty sensibilities more than those of the soldiers, but while they were free to take off their shirts to wash, scratch and delouse themselves, she was forced to grin and bear it. By midwinter the famished, exhausted soldiers had begun to refuse to fight and had to be driven into the trenches at the points of their officers' pistols.

At this stage of things, Colonel Kaledin commanded the girl he loved to go back from the front, reminding her that she had taken oath to obey her superior officer and that if she refused he would have her court-martialled. This time she obeyed. The next night, one day's march behind the lines, she was sleeping with a company of men in a house of a deserted village when a small shell blew the roof off.

Everyone ran out, mounted and galloped toward the enemy, but machine-gun fire mowed them down. With a squad of survivors she reached the neighboring woods and took command. Her first job was to amputate a soldier's shattered arm, which she did with her own knife. For days the Princess and nineteen men wandered in the forest, dodging the enemy. Then seeing that only a handful were holding the village, she led a charge and recaptured it, after desperate hand-to-hand fighting. For this she received the Silver Cross of St. George, but came near never knowing of the honor because of a serious wound which her men could not treat.

She would probably have died but for the timely return from the front of her lover who rushed her to a hospital where her sex could no longer be hidden. Also there was no longer reason why they should not be married. The impossible happened—a Romanoff Princess married her commoner lover.

Four months her married life lasted, during which the royal bride only saw her husband at infrequent intervals when he returned from the front. Then he was killed, leading one of the last forlorn hopes of the disintegrating White Army. Arrested as a spy and tortured by the communists, she managed to escape out of the country.

Today, her life dedicated to his memory, the Princess is living quietly on the island of Majorca in the Mediterranean, writing her experiences and wondering if people will believe them.

The Princess With Her Silver Cross of St. George, Which She Won for Her Heroism as a Soldier.

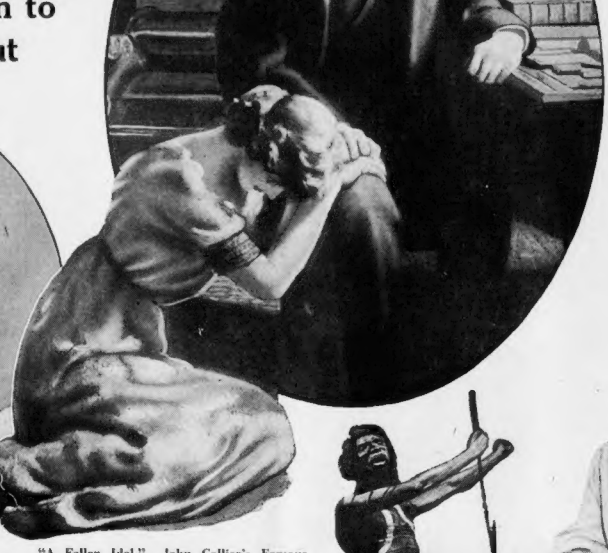
The Princess Valentine Gagarin in the Russian Officer's Uniform Which She Wore When Fighting Against the Bolsheviks With Her Sweetheart.

© 1924, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

The Proper Punishment For Unfaithful Wives or Husbands

Unexpected Results of a Questionnaire Sent to 578 Married Couples by a Barcelona Psychologist ---and Examples From Actual Life Seem to Bear Them Out

Mrs. Dorothy Rowe March, Whose Husband Promised to Welcome Her Back Home After She Had Taken an Unorthodox "Honeymoon" With Another Man.



"A Fallen Idol." John Collier's Famous Painting of the Betrayed Husband Listening to His Erring Wife's Confession.

MOST husbands and wives would be astounded if they knew how their mates regard marital delinquency.

Some consider it a capital crime deserving the death penalty while others look upon it as a rather trivial slip, like breaking a neighbor's window—to be fixed up, forgiven and forgotten by an apology and a small compensation.

Many curious facts in regard to the point of view of the obligations of matrimonial partners were developed by a questionnaire sent to 578 married couples by Dr. Emilio Mira, a distinguished psychologist of Barcelona, Spain. In this questionnaire he asked husband and wife to name which of ten methods of procedure they would consider best in case they found they had been wronged by their matrimonial partner. The ten questions are printed elsewhere on this page.

In an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Chicago, Dr. Mira pointed out many interesting things as a result of his analysis of the replies he had received. There was wide difference of opinion as to what a wronged wife or wronged husband ought to do, and a few of those who answered the questions still took the old point of view that it was a husband's duty to challenge to a duel the man who had broken up his home. Dr. Mira pointed out that logical argument plays very little part in the determination of moral conduct.

According to Dr. Mira, a person's ideas of right and wrong are formed in early childhood. People go through life not only being untrue, but stealing and murdering or doing anything else they fancy, yet well-satisfied with themselves provided their actions can be fitted into their personal code of behavior. Pickpockets think burglars are terrible persons, and a jury of burglars could be trusted to convict a pickpocket any time.

Professor Mira cited one amusing case of a small boy, saying that it is very little different from the morality code of the majority of grown-up people. The young-ster's mother was busy preparing delicacies including some tempting cukes. The boy stole two of these, which he knew was wrong. His conscience would not let him enjoy them until he had atoned for the theft. So he hid them and confessed to his mother that he had stolen the cakes and added that he had eaten them. This bit of fiction was necessary to prevent restitution. The busy mother gave him a good slap on each cheek which he accepted as just and fitting punishment.

Having taken this punishment, he considered himself square with the world and free to enjoy his cakes with a clear conscience. But he then invited his sister to share in the plunder and she accepted. That he should eat only one cake and be slapped for two was not just, so his little sister meekly held her face up for a cuff on the cheek from him. Then both eat down to munch their stolen sweets, happy in the belief that they had paid for them in advance.

Mrs. Logan Perkins, a Kentucky Wife, Climbed Aboard a Train and Shot to Death the Woman She Thought Was Winning Her Husband Away From Her. Photo Shows Mrs. Perkins and Her Two Children.

John Ruskin, the Distinguished English Author and Art Critic, Who Cheerfully Gave Up His Wife to John Everett Millais, the Equally Distinguished Painter, When He Discovered They Loved Each Other.

This atonement theory is followed by older people in ways hardly less illogical. Thieves and murderers are encouraged to believe that when they have served their sentences the account is squared and they are just as good as anybody. The same theory applies just as conveniently to matrimony. If a husband or wife contemplates a matrimonial misbehavior, all they think necessary is to make what they consider a fair settlement and it is off their conscience.

Among husbands of one of the world's most widely distributed races it is the custom for the man to hand his betrayed wife a present costing exactly as much as the money he has spent on the affair with her rival. This practical method of appraising the damages has two drawbacks. The wives all know the custom and on receiving a ring or bracelet from their husband are tormented by doubts lest they did not get all that was owing to them. Also it is saddening for a gentleman, if by any chance he is innocent, and hands his wife a present for no other reason than his love for her, to have her snap at him:

"Who is the hussy?"

Chicago divorce lawyers say that when wives are unfaithful their methods of estimating damages due wronged husbands are complicated beyond the understanding of any man. Sometimes they go without a fur coat, let him smoke in the house or astonish him by praising him to the neighbors. When both husband and wife believe in the atonement theory of matrimony, it accounts for the complacency with which notoriously unfaithful couples get along without divorce.

Dr. Mira's question No. 4 is really a form of revenge. In this case the pair would consider the books balanced and nobody injured.

Infidelity is commonly called "cheating," but people have very different views on different kinds of cheating. A man in his club would as soon cut his throat as cheat his friends in a poker game. Yet that same man would feel little shame at getting them to invest in the business of which he is president and cheating them out of their profits as stockholders by voting himself secret "management fund bonuses." That sort of cheating is just "being smart," and so to many is cheating in matrimony. Many wives cannot see that their husbands have been injured unless they suspect infidelity.

Australian "Trial by Ordeal." When a Wife Is Suspected of Infidelity, the Tribal Priest Makes a Figure of Her in the Sand and Stabs It With a Spear. If Guilty, the Suspected Woman is Supposed to Die. She Often Does—of Fright.

They are happy in their ignorance and there is the old saying:

"What you don't know won't hurt you."

It must be admitted, however, that sometimes the fantastic codes of atonement and punishment seem to work in preserving the matrimonial peace when logical steps would probably fail. Former Judge Laurence B. Jacobs tells of a wonderfully patient and tactful client who bided her time and saved her home by just one sentence muttered in the night.

She had been happily married for ten years when her husband began to find it necessary to miss dinner and stay at the office evenings. As often as she asked him why, he explained that it was necessary to go over the books. Something led the lady to wonder, but she said nothing for a few months and then made an unexpected call at the office.

Listening outside she heard enough to know that by stepping in she would catch her husband and his pretty secretary in a compromising situation. Here was a tempting chance for a melodramatic, moving picture situation, but she quietly tiptoed away, went home and said nothing. The days passed and still the guilty husband had no inkling that he was even suspected.

There was a reason for this strange forbearance. Mrs. B. was quite sure that in their ten years of married life this was his first fall from grace, and she did not wish to lose him, provided it would be his last. One reason they had been so happy together was the fact that they both had avoided all stormy scenes and recriminations. It seemed to Mrs. B. that if she accused him, this happy precedent would be broken and they would never be the same again. Therefore she must wait for an opportunity to let him see that she knew about the affair in such a way that there would be no argument.

Late one night he came home from "going over the books" and she heard him get into his twin bed beside hers. A little later they were both awakened by the noise-making of cats on the back fence.

"What in thunder are all those cats doing in our back yard?" demanded the husband, angrily.

"Just going over their books, dear," murmured his wife in such a sleepy voice that he wasn't sure for a moment if she was fully conscious. He made no reply but he evidently did some thinking. From then on he turned up regularly for dinner and, in the course of a week, invited her down to see what she thought of his new secretary. Sure enough, Mrs. B. found as she hoped a competent, elderly and not specially attractive person.

This method was not among Dr. Mira's ten, but in this particular case nothing could have worked more perfectly.

Mary Belle Spencer, in her official duties as Public Guardian of Cook County, Illinois, had opportunity for observing the delinquencies of husbands and wives. Her experiences are interesting as supplementing the studies carried on by Prof. Mira.

She relates the case of a prominent society man of Highland Park, Illinois, who divorced his wife on the usual grounds, naming a Chicago clubman.

Immediately the clubman and the wife married and started on a honeymoon to Europe. At the boat they met the woman's first husband. To their annoyance his stateroom was next theirs, they discovered. At dinner, on deck and in fact everywhere they appeared the husband was sure to be there. He offered no recognition of the two nor attempted to speak to his former wife. He acted as a stranger, in fact. Then the wife began to receive gifts—perfume, flowers, candy, and so on, without a card attached as to who the sender was. The newly married couple, however, had a pretty good idea it was husband No. 1.

Back home the newlyweds could not shake off their "shadow" who somehow managed to get himself invited places where the newlyweds went. And in public places, night clubs, theatre openings, etc., his table and theatre seats managed to be very near those of his former wife and her new spouse. This kept on for two years until the wife, who was Mrs. Spencer's client, declared herself to be almost "insane" from the experience.

Yet after a study of "first husband menace" tactics, Mrs. Spencer decided she could not bring any sort of an injunction or suit against the husband for his actions, because he had never tried to speak, write or molest the two whom he so obviously meant to persecute.

The second husband grew irritable and accused his wife of being a party to the scheme, became jealous and finally made the woman fall out of love. There was a second divorce—and a remarriage with husband No. 1. The once divorced couple are living happily together and the wife does no more "looking around."

Husband No. 1 told her he was divorcing her reluctantly but it was necessary to "teach her a lesson." And then he deliberately went about re-winning her with the aid of a whole corps of detectives who kept him informed as to her plans.

Thus was followed out, in real life, Dr. Mira's eighth suggestion, which by the way received the approval of 96 men and 143 women, making it the third most popular of the ten. Of course not every man would want a wife back, after another had had her for two years.

But Mr. Benjamin March, of Detroit, Michigan, a distinguished authority on Oriental art, went even further and forgave his wife before she took a "honeymoon" with her young lover. He agreed to take her back whenever she got tired of her ardent admirer. This she soon did, and started back to Detroit to her husband and baby. The lover, deserted, solved his own problem by blowing out his brains in a Florida hotel.

Some years ago John Ruskin, distinguished English author and art critic, became aware of a growing friendship between his wife and John Everett Millais, an equally distinguished painter. Ruskin stepped gracefully aside and allowed his wife to get a Scotch nullification and marry Millais.

Harvey Parry, of Staten Island, New York, however, took a different course recently when he discovered an intimacy between Mrs. Parry and Garnet Brotherton, a riding master. He shot Brotherton to death. After his wife on the witness stand had admitted an affair with the riding master the jury acquitted him. He then became generous himself, forgave Mrs. Parry and took her back.

Mrs. Logan Perkins, a Kentucky wife, who suspected her husband of an attachment for Pearl Owens, took a similar method of solving her problem. She followed the couple aboard a train and removed the triangle by shooting her rival dead.

The problem of marital delinquency is world-wide. The aborigines of Australia have found an ingenious solution in regard to wives. When a wife is suspected of infidelity, the tribal priest outlines her figure in sand. Then he mumbles incantations and pierces it with his spear. If the woman is guilty, she is supposed to die—and very often she does—of superstitious fear.

Mrs. Janet Parry, Who Was Forgiven by Her Husband After He Had Been Acquitted of the Murder of Her Lover.

Dr. Mira's Odd Questionnaire

Peter is married and adores his wife. One day he finds a letter from her addressed to his friend, Lewis, which shows she is no longer a faithful wife. In these circumstances Peter can perform one of these ten actions:

1. Avenge his honor by challenging Lewis to a duel.
2. Kill Lewis.
3. Kill his wife.
4. Avenge the insult by making love to Lewis' wife until he obtains the same intimacy with her.
5. Try to surprise the lovers and get a divorce with the help of the authorities.
6. Secretly separate from his wife while both continue under the same roof and remain to all appearances a married couple.
7. Openly separate from his wife, each going his or her own way and bringing other reasons for the separation to the eyes of the public.
8. Try by all possible means to make Lewis ridiculous in the eyes of Peter's wife to regain her affections.
9. Analyze the causes which led to his wife's delinquency and endeavor to remove them.
10. Put the problem before the lovers and; if he is convinced their love is sincere and unshakable, retire gracefully and begin life anew in some far-off place.

What Would YOU Do?

578 Couples Were Questioned and This Is How They Answered:

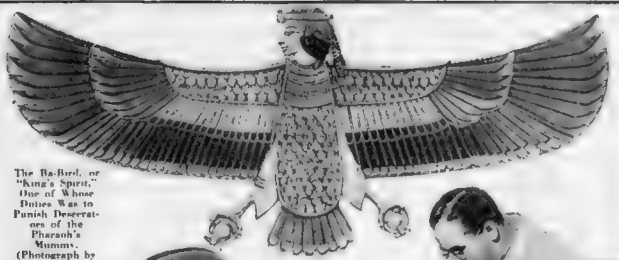
Action.	Men.	Women.	Total.
No. 1	49	18	67
No. 2	8	5	13
No. 3	21	11	32
No. 4	14	23	37
No. 5	187	102	289
No. 6	7	24	31
No. 7	103	185	288
No. 8	96	143	239
No. 9	48	23	71
No. 10	45	44	89

© 1931, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

20th Victim of the "Curse" of Tutankhamen's Mummy?

"The Mummy at the Feast." From the Painting by the English Artist Edwin Long. The Purpose of Dragging in the Mummy of the Head of the House Was Not to Remind Them of Death. Many Egyptologists Now Believe, but to Propitiate His Soul by the Sight of Good Things to Eat and Festivals and to Avert His Anger.

Death of Archeologist Weigall Revives Among the Credulous the Belief That the Vengeance of the Ancient Pharaoh Pursues Those Who Opened His Tomb



The Ba-Bird, or "King's Spirit," One of Whose Duties Was to Punish Desecrators of the Pharaoh's Mummy. (Photograph by Harry Burton, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. Copyright by Wide World.)

Part of the Golden Lid of the Innermost Coffin of Pharaoh Tutankhamen Showing Him With the Sacred Crook and the Flail of Punishment, a Threat Against Opening of His Sarcophagus. (Photograph by Harry Burton, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. Copyright by Wide World.)

Howard Carter Removing the Shroud From the Second Covering of Tutankhamen. Mr. Carter Has Escaped Any Dreaded Consequences From His Discovery of the Tomb. (Photograph by Harry Burton, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. Copyright Reserved.)

Mr. Arthur E. Weigall With His Wife. Mr. Weigall, an Eminent Archeologist, Was Present at the Opening of Tutankhamen's Tomb and Is the Twentieth Person Connected With That Opening to Die Since Then.

"THE CURSE" of old Pharaoh Tutankhamen continues its tragic career.

The death is announced of Arthur E. Weigall, the distinguished British archeologist, who was present at the original opening of the Pharaoh's tomb that had not been touched for 3,300 years. Mr. Weigall was a man of vigorous health at the time but fell ill immediately afterwards and has passed away at the age of fifty-three after a lingering and mysterious illness.

As Inspector General of Egyptian Antiquities he had spent much time delving among the tombs of the Pharaohs in the Valley of the Kings where the last earthly resting place of Tutankhamen was situated. In this capacity he had as much to do with disturbing the tombs of these ancient rulers as any man. He was the author of "Tutankhamen and Other Essays," of a history of Cleopatra and of many interesting books on Egyptian and classical antiquities and episode.

Mr. Weigall is the twentieth person among those closely associated with the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb to meet an untimely death, the list beginning with Lord Carnarvon, who paid for the excavation work and is generally counted as the discoverer.

To those who believe in the occult and the supernatural these tragedies are directly traceable to the curse pronounced by the ancient Egyptian priests upon any who disturbed the remains of the dead Pharaoh. Some scientists have said that there may have been poisonous germs or gases in the tomb while refusing to admit that there was anything occult about their operation. Others have asserted that all the deaths were mere coincidences and would probably have happened among the same group of people if Tutankhamen's tomb had not been opened.

It is interesting to find a man of high scientific standing, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, Vice-President and Statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York, taking the view that the number of deaths was abnormal.

"Here are twenty people dead," said Dr. Dublin. "Their average expectancy of life at the time the tomb was opened was something like twenty years. Now in ten years all are dead.

"Of course, special circumstances have to be taken into account, such as the climate in which these men were working. That would make them more liable to insect poisoning, for one thing.

"Then, too, the psychic element does come in. We know that two of the men who committed suicide definitely believed that the curse had fallen on them. We do not know just how it may have preyed on the mind of the other who met untimely deaths."

Professor J. C. Mardrus, an eminent French Egyptologist, points out that, according to the old Egyptian religion, when a soul passed on to the Halls of the Dead it left behind a "double" which occupied the dead body or hovered over it and protected it from injury and insult. The double brought dire punishment to those who disturbed the body of the departed.

"Persons of high priestly dignity like the Pharaohs were protected by doubles of exceptional power, and unusual punishment was prescribed for those who violated their tombs, or affronted their remains in any way. Dr. Mardrus says that at the entrance to Tutankhamen's tomb there was an inscribed tablet called the "Stela of Malediction," which pronounced the following curse on any persons who violated the tomb:

"O ye Beings from Above, O ye Beings from Below! Phantoms riding the breasts of men, ye of the crossroads and the great highways, wanderers beneath the shade of night!

"And ye from the abysses of the West, on the fringes of the Twilight, dwellers in the caverns of obscurity, who roam [illegible] with shuddering [illegible] walkers by night whom I will not name, friends of the moon; and ye, intangible inhabitants of the world of night, O People, O Denizens of the Tombs, all of you approach and be my witnesses and my responders!

"Let the hand raised against my form be withered! Let them not attack my name, my foundation, my effigies, the images like unto me!"

The Ba bird, or "King's Spirit," was another defender of the tomb.

The professor points out that the curse may have operated through natural agencies. The ancient Egyptian priests who officiated at the embalmment of the Pharaohs are believed to have possessed considerable scientific knowledge and were probably familiar with the nature of disease germs. It is quite possible that they infected the ancient sealed-up tombs with the indestructible and undying spores of the microbes of various deadly diseases, such as bubonic plague, erysipelas, carbuncle and so forth. This would have been a very practical way of producing a "curse."

When Howard Carter, the Egyptologist working for the wealthy Lord Carnavon, discovered the tomb of Tutankhamen in 1923, the nobleman boldly disregarded the curse pronounced against all violators of the tomb. After satisfying himself that the body was there and making arrangements for its removal, he triumphantly caused his own coat-of-arms to be painted over the [illegible].

An Egyptologist states that as Lord Carnarvon was descending into the tomb with a bird on his shoulder, as a test for the presence of poisonous gases, a snake snatched away the bird, and disappeared among the masonry, though no crack was visible. Soon after this Lord Carnarvon fell ill, from the bite of a poisonous insect in Egypt as many suppose, and died within twenty-four hours.

The next death was that of George J. Gould, the American multimillionaire, who was a friend of Lord Carnarvon. Invited by his friend, he hastened to make a visit to the remarkable tomb, and was quickly stricken with mortal illness and died in Europe.

The next victim was Woolf Joel, an English sportsman and multimillionaire and also a friend of Lord Carnarvon. Mr. Joel steered his luxurious yacht up the Nile to visit the wonderful tomb, and he too was attacked by a mysterious disease. He was strong and resisted for nearly six months, but then died.

Almost as tragic as Lord Carnarvon's death was that of Sir Archibald Douglas Reid, the best-known British expert in radiography. In December, 1923, a few months after the discovery, he arranged with Howard Carter to take X-ray photographs of Tutankhamen's body. By examining the structure of certain bones it was thought possible to estimate with [illegible] the age at which the Pharaoh was buried and other interesting facts.

The investigators even hoped to make a diagnosis of the [illegible] of the [illegible] who died 3,000 years ago to find out what disease [illegible] or whether it happened [illegible] violence on the part of [illegible] tives or rivals. Sir [illegible] tended to study his [illegible] previous Pharaoh Akhenaten and to learn [illegible] foundation in fact [illegible] many [illegible] prophecy that [illegible] pronounced.

But Sir Archibald never made his picture. A [illegible] promised [illegible] mummified Pharaoh [illegible] of one of [illegible] explicable [illegible] which changes the sanctity of the royal tomb. Another English X-ray expert, Dr. Frederick Raleigh, who was to take up the work then died suddenly.

The Honorable Aubrey Herbert, brother of Lord Carnarvon and much interested in his Egyptian work, died just after the opening of the tomb and before his elder brother. In his last letter Mr Herbert wrote:

"I feel that something dreadful will happen in our family."

Professor Theodore La Fleur of MacGill University, Montreal, died while on a visit of scientific research to the Pharaoh's resting place. His symptoms were similar to those of Lord Carnarvon.

The famous Egyptologist Professor Georges Benedite, Director of the Egyptian Section of the Paris Louvre, paid a visit to Tutankhamen's tomb. He was among those who loudly and indignantly rejected the idea that Lord Carnarvon's death, or any of the subsequent deaths, were due to [illegible] The power of Tutankhamen's curse seems to [illegible] parts of Jonathan W. [illegible] part in opening the [illegible] an automobile accident [illegible] Texas, was preparing to [illegible] expedition to Mexico.

Captain [illegible] Bethell, Reginald Bethell, [illegible] Westbury and [illegible] to Egypt to [illegible] time of the discovery, was found [illegible] room in the Ritz Hotel [illegible] the age of forty-six. He [illegible] to sleep apparently in [illegible] th and the inexplicable [illegible] end confirmed the widespread belief in the Pharaoh's curse.

Three months after Captain Bethell's father, Lord Westbury, jumped to death from his seventh floor apartment in St. James's Court, London. He left a note, saying, "I really cannot stand any more horrors."

The hearse carrying his body to the grave ran over and killed an eight-year-old boy. On the same day a workman in the British Museum, who had been lettering exhibits from the Pharaoh's tomb, died of a mysterious ailment.

Lord Carnarvon's son married an American girl, Catherine Wendell, of New York. Her brother, Reginald I. Wendell, a healthy young man of twenty-nine and greatly interested in Tutankhamen's tomb, died unexpectedly of meningitis. Three other persons of minor importance, but associated in some way with the Egyptian discovery died prematurely.

© 1926, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Why the Countess de B

An Astonishing Revelation of a Cunnin
ionable and Titled Washington Wom
Victi
Ne

The Evidence, as Developed by Assistant United States District Attorney Fitzpatrick, Was the Story of a Greedy Spider Who Spun a Web, and Her Associate in Crime, Gormley, Assisted the Unsuspecting, Innocent Victim Into the Mesh Which Stripped Her of the Savings of a Lifetime.

Mrs. Clarence ... Portrait Painte... Mrs. Calh... Experi...

THE COUNTESS GRACE DE BENQUE is not just at present residing in her mansion on fashionable Wyoming avenue in Washing... D. C. The Countess will not be seen at the other exclusive Chevy Chase Club in the near future. The Countess is in prison.

And the reason the Countess Grace de Benque, well known in social circles in the National Capital, has gone into enforced retirement for the next two or three years behind prison bars, is an extraordinary revelation of how cunningly an unsuspecting victim can be trapped by a criminal gang into its invisible net. Along with the Countess, Mr. George A. Gormley has also been sentenced to a prison term for his part in entangling an upright and innocent victim in the spider's web, where she was stripped of her money.

The unsuspecting "fly" trapped in the spider's web in this case was such a character as most people would suppose absolutely safe from such conspiracies. It was Miss Louise Maret, a little, 60-year-old maid, who with her blind sister Martha, had built up the successful and highly respected Maret School for Girls, in the capital. If ever there was a person with a blameless moral reputation, whose life was an open book, it was this crippled old maid, but the schemers "took her" for $5,000, and would have taken $10,000 more if that blind sister had not seen through the racket.

The fly must not see the spider's web and the trapper tries not to leave any human scent around the trap. In the same way there was no scent of the criminal when the gang made its first contact. The telephone rang at the school and a cultured, feminine voice told Miss Maret that it was the Countess de Benque speaking. A title suggests high society and nothing is more useful to a girls' school than social contacts. The Countess, a woman of 58, explained that one of her new maids claimed to have worked at the school and did a reference from its mistress.

This was true enough and as the woman talked, the Countess "discovered" a bond of sympathy. Miss Maret was French and the Countess' husband was a French nobleman. Who could have imagined any reason why a respectable woman of 60 should fear to take tea with a Countess of 58 at her mansion on fashionable Wyoming Ave.? The spider sent her car for the fly who found the ma... full of every evidence of wealth and refinement. The Count seemed rather subdued, but a polished gentleman and apparently the real thing. Had there been any question of their being genuine and in the right circle of society it must have been dispelled by newspaper reports of her social activities and presence at the fashionable Chevy Chase Country Club.

To successfully stage a swindle requires atmosphere, costly, convincing but genuine, like the opening scenes of one of the late David Belasco's dramas. Not until the atmosphere and scenery had been absorbed, was it time for the principal actor of the piece to take the centre of the stage.

This was George S. Gormley, 36 years old, big, impressive, good-looking, with a pleasing but authoritative manner. The Countess introduced him with as much deference as if he had been an ambassador. She said he was one of the country's really great architects and would be very rich only he was so indifferent to money. Slowly the little old maid, hardly bigger than a child, made a delightful and amazing discovery. This big, superior he-man who was indifferent to money and to ordinary sex-appeal was charmed by mentality and education, two things in which the school mistress shone.

The little teacher blushed and wondered if it could be. A little, crippled old maid, she had never known a romance but she had had her dreams and always the hero had been a fine, big man like this. Gormley had asked if she owned the school building and learning that she did promised to drop in some day and suggest some ... changes, but would he really bother? He ... did, praising the building and saying that ... could not be improved. There were more teas ... dinners at the Countess' house, where Gorm... turned up, increasingly attentive.

... he began calling at the school and Miss M... ... herself if this could be her dream come true at 60. Was it possible for a man of high mental type to fall in love with a woman's mind, regardless of age or deformity? It must be so. True, she had a successful school and had ... about $20,000, but she was no heiress.

One evening in the early Fall of 1931, Miss Maret declined to accompany Mr. Gormley to a motion picture show, on the plea that she had a slight headache. He immediately suggested an automobile ride as the best cure. Miss Maret ... but recalled that her chauffeur had been dismissed for the day. The resourceful Mr. Gormley revealed that he was a good driver and offered his services. They drove out toward the Maryland line, and the crisp Fall air proved a real cure for Miss Maret.

The following night Mr. Gormley called and after talking of the delights of Fall motoring, again suggested a ride. He was very kind but Miss Maret would prefer to remain at home. In that convincing way of his, he urged her to go driving. She agreed. They had just left the house when Mr. Gormley discovered that they were low on gas. He stopped at a filling station where something happened which gave her a burning doubt, but only for a moment. Miss Maret heard him say to put in fifty cents worth of gas in the car's 20-gallon tank. Strange that a man who was indifferent to money did not say, "Fill her up." But it was a small slip and soon forgotten.

Out through the suburbs of Washington they went toward the fashionable Chevy Chase colony where the prim, little old maid suggested that it was time to go back. Gormley, asking to go just a little further, swung into the Brookside Road. Several times he had seemed on the point of saying something but had been prevented, perhaps by bashfulness. Without warning he stopped the car at a lonely spot. Was something wrong or was he going to speak out?

In answer the big arms enfolded the little spinster and a torrent of loving words poured into ears that had never heard them addressed to her before, except in dreams. Those dreams had come true! Almost in a trance she contemplated the miracle. Later, explaining why she made no outcry or resistance she said frankly:

"Gormley had his arms around me and was trying to prove he loved me. I don't remember what he said, but it was not important. I did just what any other woman would do under the circumstances. A woman, no matter how old, likes to have attention paid to her."

Alas that false paradise lasted only a fleeting moment. Now that the victim was in the trap it was promptly sprung. A flashlight's beam dazzled her eyes as a figure, dressed in a dark suit, loomed beside the car.

"What are you doing here?" demanded a gruff voice.

"Nothing," answered Gormley.

"Let's see your registration license. How do I know you haven't stolen the car?" asked the voice.

"It's all right, I own it," piped up Miss Maret.

"Let me handle this fellow," whispered Gormley and she saw her big lover step away in the dark to converse with the stranger. Just as she was becoming anxious, Gormley got in and spun the car around toward town.

"He is a police officer but he says it can be fixed," said Gormley.

"What is there to fix?" she wanted to know.

"Doesn't he believe it is my car?"

"It isn't that," was the anxious answer. "The rascal threatens to bring statutory charges. You see, I didn't tell you that I am a married man and though it would be our word against his, we must not let it get into the papers. That's where he has us right."

Miss Maret almost fainted. The fellow would not have to prove it. One doubt about her morals and every girl would be removed from her school. She would be ruined. That was why they had selected her as an easy victim. The poor woman was almost frantic when they reached the house of Countess de Benque, where Gormley had a special ring that caused the Countess to admit him instantly. The Count was descending the stairs.

"Go to bed, she says Gorm... ley command... ed, and th... Count disap... peared without a word. The Countess, on hearing the story, agreed with Gormley that the only thing to do was to bribe the officer. Gormley went out to see what could be done, and returned with the information that the man's price had been $25,000, but finally was brought down to $15,000.

Gormley immediately deplored the fact that his funds were so tied up that he could not make such a payment. The Countess asserted that swift action was imperative, that the money must be paid at the earliest possible moment. Her attitude changed as she subjected Miss Maret to a cold, searching interrogation concerning her assets. The confused little gentlewoman said that she could not possibly raise more than $5,000 at the moment. She said she had on deposit in the Washington Loan and Trust Company $1,000 and securities of $4,000 which could be converted into cash.

Gormley at this point made an earnest plea to the Countess to help out. She apparently was reluctant to be drawn into the matter but finally did consent to "loan" them $10,000, if given adequate security to make up the full bribe fund. This was agreed to and Gormley left the house to confer with the officer. On returning, he said the policeman had agreed to wait until the following day but demanded cash.

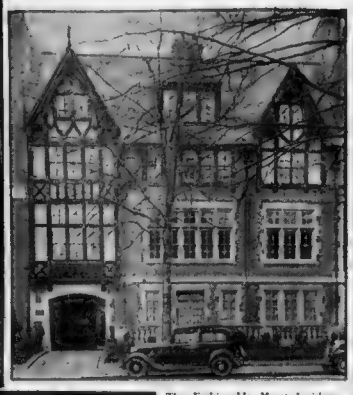
The next day the Countess accompanied Miss Maret to the bank where she suggested she withdraw the thousand dollars in small bills. They then journeyed to B. F. Saul & Company, brokers, where Miss Maret disposed of some stock certificates for $3,500. Later they went to the offices of Hibbs & Company, where the school mistress surrendered additional stock for $500 in cash. An officer of the Hibbs concern declined to cash the $3,500 check Miss Maret had obtained

enque is in Jail

gly Devised Plot of a Fash- n to Entrap an Innocent n in Her Criminal Spider's and Strip Her of Her Money

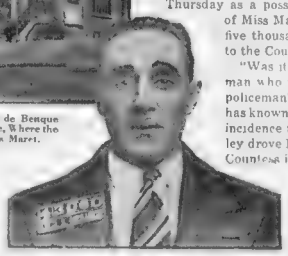
The Fashionable Chevy Chase Club, Just Outside of the National Capital, Which the Countess de Benque Graced With Her Presence at Times.

tendon Calhoun. From a Frances Burrows Clarke. Had an Unpleasant e With Gormley.



The Fashionable Maret Finishing School for Young Ladies in Washington.

The Residence of the Countess de Benque on Fashionable Wyoming Avenue, Where the Plot Was Laid to Entrap Miss Maret.



George A. Gormley Wearing His Police Identification Number.

The Countess de Benque on Her Way to Jail in the Custody of a Washington Detective.

Assistant United States Prosecuting Attorney John R. Fitzpatrick, Who Collected the Evidence and Conducted the Trial of the Countess and Gormley.

from the Saul Company. However, as she was being vouched for by the Countess, he would gladly accommodate her with the cash if the Countess would indorse the check. She did indorse the check and they returned to her home with $5,000 in cash.

There Gormley was waiting for them. The $5,000 was turned over to him by Miss Maret and the Countess handed over a large roll of bills and he left the house. Returning in twenty minutes, he said that the bribe had been paid in the presence of a friend. Then the Countess, who seemed annoyed at being drawn into the whole affair, made Miss Maret give her two notes for $5,000 each. Gormley, the rising architect whose funds were "tied up," gave Miss Maret a note for $15,000 which he signed "R. S. Gormley."

Still, unsuspecting the real situation, Miss Maret related the misfortune to her sister Martha, whose sightless eyes snapped.

"Sister, you are blinder than I am," she said. "Don't you see that you have been tricked and swindled?"

Louise went to the authorities who said Martha was right. They had heard that the Countess, her mansion and society connections were the glittering "front" from which she, Gormley and others had been bleeding victims of many hundred thousand dollars. Very few victims are willing to face the shame of testifying in court. It is always that way. When the little woman heard that she jumped up and showed the stuff she was made of.

"But I'll do it!" she cried. "If it ruins me, even if they kill me, I'll testify and put those human vampires behind the bars."

"If you do that, then we will do our part," promised Assistant District Attorney John R. Fitzpatrick, with open admiration. Both kept their promises, but it was a long, hard job, taking from 1931 until late last Fall to build up an unbeatable case. The hardest point was to find the man who had impersonated the policeman, but with the aid of agents from the Department of Justice he was finally found.

For some reason the outfit, in this instance, had made use of Charles A. May, a real estate operator of Takoma Park, Md., who, in desperate need of money, had consented for $250 to step to the side of the car and make that bluff about its being stolen. Because he turned State's evidence and had no previous record, May was not prosecuted.

At the trial the swindlers showed their teeth, just as they had threatened, making things as humiliating as possible for the school mistress. Gormley testified contemptuously that the old maid had pursued him, and the Countess told how the "romance" had bored her, and that she had really loaned $10,000, so that she would not be involved in the disgrace.

The straightforward and convincing testimony of Miss Maret was interesting as she told of that tragic automobile drive:

"We had been stopped only a few minutes," she said on the witness stand, "when a man appeared, flashed a light on the car and said something. I was very much scared. The man asked Mr. Gormley for his driver's card and I heard him say something like: 'This is a stolen car.' I told him the car was mine. Mr. Gormley got out of the machine and made a motion toward his hip pocket and something was said about a gun and Gormley moved toward the man. I was wringing my hands and about to faint from fright.

"Then Mr. Gormley came to me and said he would fix it up with the policeman. Mr. Gormley and the other man then stepped back of the car and had a conversation. Mr. Gormley came back and said the policeman had told him to take me home and that he wanted Gormley to meet him later that night.

"I thought I would lose my mind, I was so frightened. Mr. Gormley took me to the home of Countess de Benque and the Countess appeared at the door in negligee. The Countess and Mr. Gormley took me into a room and Mr. Gormley had to meet the policeman and that he would try to fix it up with the officer. He left for about fifteen or twenty minutes, and when he came back he said the officer wanted $25,000, but that he (Mr. Gormley) had talked him into accepting $15,000."

Miss Maret then innocently asked Mr. Gormley if he had $15,000 and he replied he did not at that time. She said Gormley suggested that maybe the Countess would help out, but at first the Countess appeared unwilling. Gormley then offered to give the Countess his personal note for the money, but the Countess turned to Miss Maret and asked how much cash she could raise. Miss Maret said he had $5,000 in her own name and she declared the Countess then agreed to advance the remaining $10,000 if Miss Maret would give her a note for that amount. Miss Maret agreed, and the next day, accompanied by the Countess, she withdrew the $1,000 from the Washington Loan & Trust Company and arranged for the sale of her $1,000 worth of securities as already related.

Neatly dressed and bland of countenance, Gormley sat scribbling notes and smiling as May, the bogus policeman, testified that he had been paid $250 by Gormley in the Countess de Benque's house as a reward for approaching the car where Miss Maret and Gormley sat and asking: "Is the car broken down?" Before the incident May said, Gormley had pointed out the spot on the Brookville road where the car would be found and indicated the hour the event was to occur.

After he had made the pre-arranged inquiry, Gormley got out of the car and took him some distance away, where he instructed him to follow them into town, May said. The next morning he called at the Countess de Benque's residence and was paid his $250.

The Countess de Benque took the witness stand in her own defense with quite an air of indignation and, her voice rising in anger, she parried questions put by the prosecuting attorney. She denied any knowledge of any plot to extort money from Miss Maret and said she was greatly bored by the love affair carried on partly in her own residence between Gormley and the school mistress. The Countess revealed that she had been married three times and under persistent questioning in the course of which she was admonished by Judge Cox to answer the questions put to her, the Countess admitted she had introduced Gormley to Miss Maret.

Assistant District Attorney John R. Fitzpatrick, who collected the evidence and conducted the prosecution, said to the jury in his summing up:

"The Countess has testified under cross-examination that her income has declined rapidly since 1929. Was she in need of money? Could she use five thousand dollars?

"Gormley had to borrow money to make a trip to Cleveland. On the very night that he drove Miss Maret in her seven-passenger Packard out to the Brookville Road he spent the magnificent sum of 50 cents for gas. Was he in need of money? Was he in the mood to help himself to easy money?

"Counsel for Gormley has just shouted an interruption to the effect [illegible] man of ability and capable [illegible] thousand dollars a year. I snap him up on his suggestion. I agree with him because I [illegible] that Gormley made five thousand dollars in three minutes the night he took Miss Maret out to the Brookville Road.

"You will recall that the money was taken from Miss Maret at the home of the Countess—you will recall that it was taken from her on Thursday—you will recall that the maid's day off was Thursday—and that is why the Brookville Road incident was timed for Wednesday night, so that the maid would not be there on Thursday as a possible witness to the presence of Miss Maret and to the passing of the five thousand dollars from Miss Maret to the Countess and Gormley.

"Was it a mere coincidence that the man who played the role of the 'bogus policeman' was a man whom Gormley has known for years? Was it a mere coincidence that after the incident Gormley drove Miss Maret to the home of the Countess instead of taking her back to her own home from which he had taken her earlier in the evening? Was it a mere coincidence that Gormley was also a guest at the tea which the Countess gave at her home on the first occasion that the Maret sisters ever accepted her invitation to tea? Counsel for the Countess has insisted that his client is innocent. But I say to you that her soul is tainted by the immorality and the illegality of her association with Gormley and their combined and concerted activities by which they stole five thousand dollars from Louise Maret and robbed her of her peace and happiness and the quiet contentment which is the heritage of all law-abiding citizens."

But the explanations, disavowals and denials by Gormley and the Countess did not impress the jury who brought in a verdict of guilty. The Countess, on account of her ill health, was sentenced to prison for two to four years, and Gormley was ordered locked up from four to eight years. When ready to sentence Gormley, Justice Cox asked him if he had anything to say.

"Yes," Gormley replied, "and I'll ask the court not to let the district attorney interrupt me until I am through."

He then took a written statement from his pocket, but instead of reading it himself, handed it to Justice Cox. The latter perused the statement and then told Gormley he would not let it go into the record because it referred to matters not brought into the trial and which the court had no opportunity to investigate.

After Gormley had been sentenced, he distributed copies of his statement among newspaper men in the court room. The statement, after protesting against the refusal of the court to grant him a separate trial, set forth seven instances in which other women in the District have been blackmailed. One of the women was identified in the statement as being prominent in society. The names and addresses of the alleged victims, as well as those of the swindlers, were set forth, by Gormley and the prosecuting officers are investigating these statements.

The case was originally brought before Judge Peyton Gordon but had to be transferred because that jurist had been a guest and dinner partner of the lady spider, much to his later chagrin. Judge Joseph W. Cox not having enjoyed those social advantages, tried the case and imposed sentence.

Gormley is not an entire stranger to the police. Not long ago he brought a slander suit, asking $50,000 damages from Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Calhoun, prominent and wealthy Washington people. Gormley felt damaged to that amount because he said that Mrs. Calhoun had called him a thief. It appears that Mrs. Calhoun asserted that Gormley had stolen a $2,000 note from her desk, but his claim was that the note was in payment for a debt. It does not appear that Gormley collected on the slander charge.

Poor little Miss Maret realizes that still there hasn't been any romance in her life and maybe there never will be. But she has the satisfaction of knowing that all Washington admires her magnificent courage and considers her the bravest little woman in the national capital.

The Revival of Capes

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

A Golf or Country Suit, Consisting of a Three-quarter-length Cape, a Skirt and a Blouse From a New House Called Roseverne. The Material Is Olive Green Tweed. The Cape Has a Shoulder Yoke, and Standing Tucks Below It to Give Width. The Skirt Is Trim and Short. The Blouse Shown Is a White Pique Jacket, with a Belt of Red Leather. Any Tricot Blouse Could Be Worn Instead.

Here Yvonne Dangel Has Combined Thick Black Satin and Black Broadcloth in a Smart Afternoon Ensemble for Formal Occasions. The Cape Could Be Worn to Any Informal Evening Affair as Well. The Frock, of the Cloth, Is Slim and Straight. It Has a Yoke and Sleeves of the Black Satin. The Cape Is a Hip-length Affair, Which Really Starts in the Centre of the Back, Goes Round the Front, Over the Arm, Across the Back, to Finish in a Button and Buttonhole Before the Other Shoulder. A Cerise Yoke-collar of Fine Broadtail Furnishes the Cape.

PARIS, Jan. 20.

CAPES are garments which, in one form or other, are always with us. It is difficult to remember any period when they have entirely left the mode for all times of day. When the redingote is the favorite coat for sport, certain women contrive to look astonishingly smart by the simple expedient of appearing in a long cape instead. During the Summer, no matter how many crepe frocks, printed or plain, are completed by a little jacket, some one always chooses a shoulder cape instead; while the Summer wrap, par excellence, for several seasons, has been the cape or capelet of velvet, until it became the capelet of rich fur.

At the moment of writing, in spite of cold nights, women prefer their shoulder capes of ermine, chinchilla, sable, or mink, to any other evening wrap. When it is icy, they put this on over a plain coat of rich colored velvet, often with leg of mutton sleeves. The coat is cut quite without a collar, for just such emergencies.

The Spring mode promises to revive the cape, if not universally, at least for all times of day and for all types of occasion. It is of course, in three-quarter length for sport and travel; in hip-length for the morning; in longer hip-length for afternoon, and in three-quarter length for evening, on this page, by four different houses.

The sports model is one of those longish, narrow shapes, which take a lot of wearing, but which can look tremendously chic on the right woman. It has a shoulder yoke, and outside tucks, standing like fish fins, below the yoke, to give width to the upper part of the body, but well below the shoulder-line in the new way. It is here drawn as Roseverne shows it in her salons with a jacket-blouse of white pique. She proposes that a woman who wishes to play golf, wear this pique smartness to the club, and when there, change into a jersey or tricot blouse for playing, an uncrushable one, so that she may carry it in her golf bag. For lunch, or for the return journey, she again dons the pique blouse, and looks as fresh as a daisy.

Bruyere is showing several of her Spring ensembles, with half capes like the one sketched, instead of jackets. This one is in blue crepe. As you see, it swings only in the back, just covering the points of the shoulders, so that there is not a great deal of warmth in it. It is attached to the big "tyre" collar of blue fox, worn close up to the chin in front, and taken off, with the cape, over the head. Here is something certainly much newer than a tailored jacket. The cape reminds one rather of an Elizabethan page boy with its jaunty, back-flung air.

Some extremely elegant ensembles for formal afternoons are shown with capes making their wraps, at several houses, including Mainbocher's, Maggy Rouff's, Lanvin's and Yvonne Dangel's, whence comes the one sketched. This is done in black broadcloth and heaviest black satin. The slim frock is in the broadcloth, and has yoke and sleeves of the satin. The cape is cut in an unusual way, for it has only the one armhole. It really begins where you cannot see it, in the centre of the back. It is fitted to the figure on the right side, and its one armhole is at the right.

Then it passes across the front, over the left arm, across the back, and finishes in a button and buttonhole on the right shoulder, toward the front. This leaves the right arm free. There is an encrusted yoke-collar of fine black broadtail, making folds round the neck. And there is a slash over the left elbow, to suggest a sleeve.

I have said that the most popular evening wrap of the moment is the little shoulder cape of fur. But one sees, of course, many handsome evening wraps as well, and some capes of great picturesqueness. The tentative feeling for Arab draperies, started by Vionnet, is quite over. Draped capes of Spanish inspiration, or slightly resembling Henry VIII in the famous film in which he is portrayed so sympathetically by Charles Laughton are much more often seen. They are remarkable for the richness of the material used. Nothing is too handsome, magnificent lame, brocade, or velvet.

The one sketched, from the American house of De Marinis, is in havana colored velvet, for example, brocaded with large gold flowers. It is draped about the shoulders like a Spanish shawl, or may even be worn with one end thrown over the opposite shoulder, like a bull-fighter's prototype.

The gown worn with this cape, which was recently seen at the opera, was in plain havana velvet, with sometimes very reminiscent of the nineties, about the slight drapery around the hips. This had large flowers of gold lame, appliqued to the bodice in front of one shoulder, to carry out the gold effect.

Bruyere Uses the Cape Instead of a Jacket in Several of Her Spring Suits. Here Is a Coat Frock in Navy Blue Wool. It Is a Two-piece, Buttoned Down the Back, and With White Stitching on the Lower Part of the Sleeves. The Cape Covers Only the Back, Held, However, in Place, by the Very Large Circular Collar of Blue Fox, Which Is Worn Close Under the Chin in Front. It Takes Off Over the Head. The Cape Is Loose and Flared in the Back in Elizabethan Page Boy Style.

A De Marinis Model Evening Cape in Rich Havana Colored Velvet, with Gold Lame Flowers Scattered Over Its Surface. The Slim Gown, with Its Slight Drapery About the Hips, Is in Plain Havana Colored Velvet. But It Has a Large Gold Lame Flower Encrusted Into the Right Shoulder. The Cape Is Shawl Draped Round the Shoulders, While the Material Is Shirred in a Wide Band, Below the Point of the Shoulders, Giving a Yoke Effect. One End of the Cape May Be Worn Hung Over the Opposite Shoulder, in Spanish Style.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

"IT'S NO JOKE TO FEED A BIG FAMILY ON

a food budget of $9 a week!

... but even if I had less—I'd still use ROYAL BAKING POWDER"

(An intimate chat with MRS. E. M. VIGNERON, of Larchmont, New York)

WHEN you do all your own housework, and cook for a family of five, you soon learn the meaning of true economy.

And Mrs. Vigneron says she has HAD to learn it—because her food budget is only one-third what it used to be!

"I've learned by practical experience," says Mrs. Vigneron, "that it's really wasteful to try to save on baking powder. For, when I don't use Royal, my family always complain—and leave half-eaten cake on their plates.

"After all, you use so *little* baking powder in a cake, you might as well use the best. My Royal cakes are always successful. They NEVER fail!"

SOUND REASONING, Mrs. Vigneron! If you stop to figure the approximate costs* of your ingredients for a cake (say a chocolate layer cake) like this:

½ cup butter	4¢
3 cups sugar	8¢
2 eggs	5¢
2 cups pastry flour	5¢
¾ cup milk	2¢
2 squares chocolate	5¢
1½ teaspoons vanilla	4¢
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	1¢

it does seem foolish to experiment with a doubtful baking powder.

● *Here's the charming house in Larchmont, N. Y., where Mr. and Mrs. Vigneron and their family live.*

As a matter of fact, Royal Baking Powder is now selling at its lowest price in seventeen years.

You know, of course, the kind of baking job that Royal Baking Powder always does . . . that for sixty-five years it has been the choice of fine cooks and food experts famous for the flavor of their cakes and pastries.

REMEMBER, when you buy baking powder, how little Royal costs! Don't skimp yourself needlessly. Use the best . . . and cheapest in the end—reliable Royal Baking Powder!

* These costs vary, of course, according to locality.

● "I don't dare have a cake failure. I couldn't afford to throw out thirty-five or forty-five cents' worth of butter, eggs, milk, flour and flavoring. That's why I *always use* Royal Baking Powder! I'm sure of perfect results *every time*."

● "I *must* cut down on other things, but I give the children the most wholesome foods possible—baked with Royal."

ROYAL NOW SELLS AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN 17 YEARS!

FREE COOK BOOK—Mail coupon today for the new Royal Cook Book to use when you bake at home.

NRA ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Dept. 361
Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
691 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of the new Royal Cook Book.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada: Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

Captain Christine

By Basil Carey

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JOHN ALLEN, a trader in the South Seas, [illegible] Christine [illegible] Medusa. [illegible] Christine [illegible] Treherne [illegible] Christine [illegible] Treherne [illegible] Christine [illegible] Treherne

Love, Honor and Deceive

By Howard Rockey

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

PEGGILMAN cannot bring herself to give the fortune-teller [illegible] Holt secretary, [illegible] and [illegible] Darrington [illegible] Darrington [illegible] Darrington

Love, Honor and Deceive

By Howard Rockey

(Continued from Page 17)

...effort it. I'd rather live downtown. That would save me the two hour trip every day, and ... about a dollar a week in ... railway fares."

... hang it all, I am ... be hitting out early ...

... getting your head ... small matters, reduction ... Peg's ... your ... ... I'm ... ... I have ... ...

Captain Christine

By Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 16)

body was one vast ache. Queer pains shot about in his chest. But the exultation in his heart leapt to high heaven. A dead ship and a dead man were avenged at last. The enemy who had flouted and defied him lay still for ever in the sea which had waited for him so long.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Conclusion.

THE Curlew was sailing north. Behind her came the San Juan, with Haggerty in command. They would take Treherne's ship down to Degna, a place where few questions are asked, and tie a broom at the masthead to show that she was for sale. To any inquiries that might be made, the answer would be a stolid declaration that she had been found derelict. Treherne's boys—of whom five survived—had been given the choice of holding their tongues or of being shipped east to the notorious Panguan Island to work in the vanilla plantations.

Their easy loyalty was soon transferred to the man who had slain the dreaded Tereherini. Haggerty offered them the places of the boys whom he had lost in the fight. They agreed cheerfully, and Carroll threw them some sticks of tobacco, and ordered a ration of corned beef to be served.

"Suppose you all same good boy, you get bullamacow," he said. "Him Tereherini all same drown, no good now. Suppose him Kanaka work belong Bilase, work belong Kerilu (Curlew) all same good, hey?"

"All same good," they echoed. "Him Bilase all same more strong Tereherini."

So it was settled, and the two ships turned north. Blaize suffered himself to be washed and plastered and rubbed with oil, and then slept like a log. When he woke he was very quiet. Even the beauty of the Vasari Casket could not move him to words.

It stood on the clamped table in the Curlew's main-cabin. Carroll had taken off the wrappings and a glint of sun came through the skylight and fell on the vaulting Bellerophon. Christine turned it this way and that, lost in wonder at its beauty. Leaning back against the big locker Blaize watched her.

Now that Treherne was dead, and the long struggle over, they felt a curious shyness of each other. They avoided one another's eyes, and spoke with reluctance. For a time, the savage satisfaction that comes with vengeance upon an enemy had filled their minds to the exclusion of all other thoughts. But now that the commonplace life on shipboard had begun again, they were fiercely conscious of what had passed between them on Takunai. Every time Blaize looked at her he remembered that he had held her in his arms. Surely she had not forgotten the hope that she had given him on the hillside a moment before the clamor of Treherne and his boys broke the spellbound silence of the dreaming woods?

Christine gave a little sigh and stood upright. She had doffed the scarlet dress. Seeing her in familiar coat and breeches gave Blaize the sensation of meeting an old friend after many years. The soft blue of her shirt brought out the color of her eyes. Against the severe masculinity of the collar the curve of her neck showed sweet and feminine. All her body's grace leapt to the watching eye with every movement that she made.

"It's Pegasus," she was saying. "Do you know about him? Here on the lid, I mean."

He saw by her hands that she was nervous. Involuntarily he said, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

The little tremor in her voice gave him courage.

"Christine."

"Well?"

"No."

"You're sure?"

"Do I have to say it a hundred times?"

"On Takunai," he explained, "things got all out of focus somehow. What you said to me on the hillside—well—"

The color flared in her cheeks.

"You mean—you think I didn't know my own mind?"

She looked at him, and he caught his breath at what he saw in her eyes.

"You do care?" he said, hoarsely.

She did not answer. He put his arms round her and kissed her on the mouth.

For a long time they remained quiet, almost afraid of their own happiness. Presently Christine lifted her face from his shoulder and smiled up at him.

"I daresay we'll have a hectic life, quarreling the way we do," she prophesied. "But I'm tired of being Captain Christine. You said once that women always make a mess of things when they try to be boss. You weren't right, of course. But still—"

"I was absolutely right," he objected. "You're admitting it now... Oh, let it go, sweetheart."

"We've been enemies too long," she said.

"Only because we've loved so much. But it took Takunai to show us to each other."

"And to ourselves," said Christine.

He held her close, his lips pressed against her dark, shining hair. His hand slipped to her heart, and he felt its strong, steady beat under his questing fingers. His arms tightened about this woman who should give him that peace which is beyond desire.

Treherne was dead. John Allen could lie quiet now among the palms on Parara. But for these lovers all the world waited, an oyster to be pricked open by their eager swords.

Blaize drew a deep breath of salt air. He threw back his head and laughed.

"Here's luck to us!" he said. "Here's luck!" echoed Christine...

THE END.

Copyright 1934, by Basil Carey. All Rights Reserved.

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

The Bride's Mirror

By MARGARET TURNBULL

A Girl's Gallant Struggle Against the Consequences of a Moment of Folly

Love, Honor and Deceive

By Howard Rockey

(Continued from Page 18)

ly. "But while I'm the head of the Salon Francais, I'll pick out what's displayed there. Oh, by the way," her manner changed as she dismissed the subject, "have you met Miss Gilman?"

It had seemed to Peg that Randolph shared her own self-consciousness and she found herself wondering whether his thoughts paralleled her own. The man's confusion could scarcely be based on the mere recollection of finding her standing outside that phone-booth, after the little incident upstairs in Charles' office. Yet even if Peg's surmise was correct, how could he possibly connect her with that other episode which preyed upon her mind? Unless... But Naida had carried her off in another moment.

Nor was it till later that Peg was to know what had prompted Naida in bringing them together. Nevertheless, Naida's neat little plan for the approaching evening had been definitely worked out, although she had not even hinted as much when she had said that she wished to discuss several things with Peg. So she had invited Peg to dinner, and calling a taxi, had driven with her downtown to Washington Square.

At a pleasant little restaurant, their talk as they ate had been personal, without reference to the Store. Both had related incidents which added distinctness and color to the mental portrait that each girl was creating of the other. But not once did Naida so much as refer to the pointed rebuke she had given Peg that afternoon.

Purposely, Peg had waited for Naida to broach the subject, and the longer the other delayed it, the more Peg began to convince herself that she meant to trust her superior by telling her everything. She simply must tell someone. Peg realized that more forcefully with every passing moment, while she wondered where Charles might be by now, what Grace and Hope would be thinking about her nonappearance at supper, and what might be her most sensible move in the whole situation.

Still Naida gave her no opening, and when over coffee and cigarettes, Naida had asked for and paid the check, she suggested their spending an hour or two seeing a new motion picture at a nearby theatre. As the sequence of its scenes unfolded its dramatic plot, Peg almost forgot the uneasiness which had thus far held her. Naida, too, had seemed deeply impressed; but unknown to Peg, her active mind had been working out the perplexities of another equally tense situation.

Without Peg's need to inform her, Naida had learned the gossip which had reached Grace and Hope. From another source and more accurately, Naida knew that two men from the Store had been at the roadhouse, and each with a different girl. That Allan Randolph was one of them, and that Lucy Dorrington had been his companion, had not overly surprised Naida when she heard it.

Also aware that Charles had been there and had left his party, she was reasonably certain that he, too, knew of his stepmother's presence. And in view of Charles' having brought Peg in the very first thing next morning, it did not take much deduction to satisfy Naida that Peg was the girl who had been with Charles. But her clash on the stairs with Randolph, just before they had left the Store, loomed even more important in Naida's estimation.

Lucy Dorrington never had liked her. Naida knew full well. A second wife doesn't relish one of her husband's assistants knowing too much about purchases made in the past at other stores on charge accounts not her own. Not that Naida cared a hoot if Bruce Dorrington was happy in his amazing ignorance of what was no great secret in Lucy's social circles. And if Allan Randolph might swain Mrs. D. to his heart's content. Naida had told him at the start that love's labors would pay him no dividends if he had designs on her. But now, if he and Lucy were putting their heads together to discredit Naida, that was another story. Well, certainly, it would not be done through any such clumsy trick as had caused Naida's row with Randolph only that afternoon. What was more, if these two had any idea of covering up their stay at the inn by throwing suspicion on Charles and Peg, Naida might not be too scrupulous in maintaining a silence which otherwise she would not have considered it cricket for her to break.

There was another phase of it that her instant liking for Peg had flashed warningly to Naida. Whatever young Charles' virtues, Naida knew his failings. So she had a shrewd suspicion that an amorous desire for Peg might be a stronger prompting than solicitude for her welfare in presenting her to Naida. Consequently, that afternoon, when it had been reported to her through unofficial channels that Peg was having lunch with Charles, Naida had determined to talk to Peg frankly. She wished to do it now. For she hoped their contact might result in extremely pleasant personal acquaintance and business relationship. But in both her official and private life, Naida was a rigid rule to know thoroughly every man and girl with whom she associated. That was why she had made it a point to express her displeasure and give a rebuke to Peg when she had returned. Also why she had made up her mind to take Peg to dinner and complete that close understanding which she hoped might come to exist between them.

Following up her initial move in winning Peg's further confidence, and also in confirming her estimate of the girl, Naida had urged that Peg drop in at her own apartment after the picture-show. She lived in a cozy modern suite in one of the newest buildings on lower Fifth Avenue. Its tasteful furnishings gave Peg additional evidence of the type she had felt sure Naida was. Its pictures, books and accessories made Peg feel at home, and shortly the two were chatting away with the ease of lifelong friends. Deciding then that she would not delay another single moment, Peg asked if she might speak freely. Naida had said that she hoped she would, so Peg briefly told her everything without any reservation.

Nodding sympathetically, Naida had informed her of, what she had heard, and of her own suspicions and conclusions. "So you see I was making a double play in staging my little riot in your presence as we left. I had waited around until I saw Randolph start downstairs. I purposely wanted to introduce him to you myself. Then I could watch his reactions—make sure that he had not met you before, and be satisfied that he knew very well precisely who you are. I doubt that Allan saw you with Charles out there at that inn. But now that the story's been spread about, he's put two and two together, just as I did myself. Well, between us, dear, we'll trim his sails before he's aware of it."

Thus encouraged, Peg went on to express her growing anxiety over her wisdom in having left Charles with Sands and Dixie. "You see," she reminded Naida, "when I asked how I'd ever thank her, she said that she'd tell me tomorrow. Of course, I may misjudge her, but from all Miss Anne has told me, I fancy that neither Dixie nor Sands would be above blackmail schemes."

"They wouldn't be!" Naida promptly agreed. "But Sands is a canny crook. He knows who it's safe to try to hold up, and that trying to slip one over on Charles might only prove disastrous in its possible tendency to queer his main source of livelihood. No store and no sober millionaire would trust him after that. And Dixie Moran is no little fool. I know what she's going to ask. She'll want us to bill an overcharge on every one of her purchases, and then give her that difference between the monthly statement's figures and the prices on our tickets. Probably, too, she'll only want delivery of about a tenth of the gowns and furs and things she bought when she was in today. And for the rest she'll ask us to give her cash, less the Store's normal profit on the things we bill to her boy-friend, but never take out of stock."

"Would the Store consent to such a thing?" Peg could scarcely believe it.

"Yes," said Naida. "It's often done. Take, for instance, the case of eccentric wives of two or three prominent millionaires who have accounts with us. Not infrequently men like that never trust their wives with currency and their costly purses are merely decorations. They can however, charge anything which happens to hit their fancy. So quite a few of them look to us to supply them with pocket money by billing their husbands for all sorts of things they only pretend to have bought. Then, there's another well known case of a highlight in society who goes on buying-jags. It's nothing for her to come in and pick out at least five thousand dollars' worth of hats and gowns and frocks and the most expensive accessories. Then she'll drive on and do the same at several other stores. But she practically never remembers a fraction of the stuff she buys, and seldom knows the difference if we don't send it home. So her husband has arranged with us never to deliver any more than ten per cent of whatever she picks out. If she buys five thousand dollars' worth, we send her

(Continued on Page 20)

Take a last look

at this

CORN!

For you won't see it again! An amazing new corn remedy is going to work on it. And when it gets through there won't be a sign of a corn. For this new way gets the root! When you get the root you get the corn! This new method is KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN KIT. Not just a pad with a dab of medication on it—but a complete, scientific treatment that even corns of years standing can't resist. If tortured by a fiery corn, get the new KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN KIT. Get the root or you get your money back! Your druggist has it—only 35c—or if not, write Kohler Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

Kohler One Night CORN KIT "Gets the Root"

Famous Athletes have made an important discovery about fresh peanuts!

So Crisp and Salty, they banish that between-meals empty feeling quick—give real Energy without making you feel "heavy." And PLANTERS Peanuts are extremely digestible, experts say!

GEORGIA COLEMAN, Olympic fancy diving champion, says:—"Those crunchy Planters Peanuts are full of energy and 'go'... don't slow you up."

MAX BAER, leading world heavy-weight contender. "There's nothing like a bag of Planters to knock out those hungry blues," he says.

JOHNNY FARRELL SAYS... "Planters sure stymie that empty feeling—without ever leaving you heavy or 'logy.'"

IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THIS you've been missing something. Planters Peanuts are extremely good for you—and digestible!

Here's why. Planters Peanuts supply *all four* principal food elements, in just the proportions your body needs. Hence they "burn up" inside you completely—turn right into energy. They never make you feel "sunk"!

But—remember—this is true only of peanuts that are fresh.

PLANTERS Peanuts *are* fresh—always. And *choice!* The pick of the plumpest, tastiest Virginia "jumbos" grown, they're carefully selected, then roasted and salted in our own special way and rushed out under refrigeration. They reach you as delicate, crisp and crunchy as when they left our ovens!

And since they're so fresh they're very easily digested by children.

So hand yourself a real "treat." Go and get a nickel bag of Planters fresh salted Peanuts right away!

(*Left*) ALL 4 MAIN FOOD ELEMENTS are supplied by Planters Peanuts, in just the proportions the body needs. That's why they give such complete energy without overtaxing digestion, say authorities on diet.

(*Below*) MRS. HENRY BATURN of Forest Hills, L. I., says:—"Bobbie is crazy about peanuts ... I give him all he wants of Planters. I know they're digestible because they're always fresh."

PLANTERS FRESH Peanuts 5¢ ROASTED SALTED

MADE BY WORLD'S LARGEST ROASTERS AND SALTERS OF PEANUTS. ALWAYS FRESH!

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

MRS. EARL GRAY, *of Forestville, Conn., says*

"Doctor's advice stopped Evelyn's COUGH so quickly!"

● "Evelyn's terrible cough hung on," writes Mrs. Gray. "I couldn't stop it. Finally we called the doctor. He said —give the child Pertussin; and it certainly worked! *I've never seen a bad cough go away so soon!*"

DID you know this?—Inside your throat and bronchial tubes are millions of little glands. Like tiny water faucets, they keep the tissues moist. When you catch cold, these glands clog up.

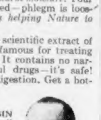
Thick mucus forms, laden with germs. Your throat feels dry—tickly. You begin that terrible coughing—but nothing is "raised."

Doctors know that to stop a cough you must get those little throat glands working again. *And Pertussin does that!*

A teaspoonful or two of Pertussin *stimulates* the glands . . . starts them giving out their *natural moisture.* Your throat feels relieved—phlegm is loosened. *Pertussin is helping Nature to cure your cough!*

Pertussin is the scientific extract of a medicinal herb famous for treating the worst coughs. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs—it's safe! Won't upset the digestion. Get a bottle of Pertussin!

●



"I GIVE PERTUSSIN *to my own children,*" writes one doctor. "*I have prescribed it for 25 years,*" another writes. It's safe for babies! They like its taste!

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . . *It works safely!*

More work out of your SEWING MACHINE

Oil for a sewing machine must be non-gumming, non-corrosive, of very fine quality. See how the long spout of Esso Handy Oil puts it right where you want it, with no waste or drip to mar fabrics. You'll find it handy for a hundred household uses. Give Father a can to keep in the car, too. On sale at dealers everywhere.

Esso, Inc., 26 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Esso HANDY OIL

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite—Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Instant Relief from

ITCHING

D. D. D. Prescription Speeds Relief

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eruptions, eczema, scales, rashes or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief use pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Its gentle oils penetrate the skin, soothing and healing the inflamed tissues. No fuss—no muss. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries up almost immediately. Try D. D. D. Prescription today. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug store, is guaranteed to prove it—or money back. D. D. D. is made by the owners of ITALIAN BALM.

Cocoanut With Cake, Cookies, Custard or Candy

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"COCOANUTS — what, are they real? Do they actually grow on trees?" So it is reported to have been said by a noted English comedian when he visited Florida and first was shown the graceful cocoanut tree with its waving fronds and cluster of gigantic nuts.

As I write this article, I, too, look out of my window at several cocoanut trees and cannot fail to see how important is this beautiful tree in the life of the peoples of the tropics.

Distinguished easily by its drooping, immense fern-like leaves which mass together at the top of the otherwise perfectly nude trunk, the average tree is about 15 feet high, and characterized by its swaying or inclined stem.

This stem, however, is as sturdy as the gray cement which it seems to be made of, and can well support the native or small boy who climbs to its top to fileh its nuts before they are ripe. But a cocoanut tree is always dropping its nuts just as apple trees drop apples.

If you imagine a football, which, when torn open, has an inside cup with a lining delicious enough to eat, then you have a vivid picture of a ripe cocoanut. Each nut, of course, is surrounded by a thick wall of dry pith or hairy pulp which acts as insulating material.

The entire nut, outer lining and all weighs if green, some 10 to 12 pounds, and one would think that many a person would be given a good knock-out blow if one dropped on his head. Three cocoanuts in the space of as many minutes fell straight down from my own cocoanut tree while the gardener was raking the grass underneath, yet they did not strike him, and it is said that there is no case on record of where a falling cocoanut ever hit anyone!

Each nut is a 3-parted fruit, so that when one wishes to get at the inner nut, the whole football as it were, is laid on a chopping block or the ground, and struck along its three dividing planes with three sharp blows of a small hatchet or knife. This separates the hairy pith and allows it to fall off—when the nose of the inner and true cocoanut is disclosed.

The nose is the three black eyes or holes in the tip end from which the liquid or cocoanut milk is most easily secured. These eyes are of softer material, and may be scooped out with a penknife, thus quickly releasing the delicious milk. The fact that these three eyes so greatly resemble a monkey's face does not explain why monkeys are so fond of cocoanut juice!

As everyone knows, the white inner rind of a waxy texture is that portion of the cocoanut used in the manufacture of the various types of edible cooking cocoanut which find their way onto the housewife's pantry shelves. It is also, when dried, the copra which is the basis of cosmetics and commercial oils of many varied uses.

Highly nutritious because of its natural vegetable fats and sugars, cocoanut is an important health food. The liquid, or milk, is even more wholesome being full of vitamins and natural laxatives. When drawn from a freshly fallen nut, this milk is deliciously chill and refreshing, one's only complaint being that there is so small an amount, for one cocoanut yields exactly one small tumbler of its milk.

The freshly grated pulp is, of course, very sweet and delicious. If one likes the unusual, then the pulp from a baby or unripe cocoanut is so soft that it may be eaten with a spoon—a tidbit much like squab or baby veal!

But it may be surprising to note that even in this land of free cocoanuts, I prefer the canned or packaged products for all cooking uses. This is because cocoanuts, and a few other foods like apricots, seem to improve under a drying and manufacturing process. The dried apricot, for example, is ten times as flavorful and full of culinary possibilities as its insipid fresh fruit. So, too, the cocoanut which is freshly grated is too milky, and for less seasoned than the grated cocoanut or the dessicated cocoanut more familiar to the housewife.

These manufactured or canned cocoanut products are first subjected to drying, then combined with glucose or sugar, and hence have more body and stand up better when incorporated into a pie meringue, or used as cake frosting. Possibly, too, it is because the packaged shreds are grated more evenly, and in a better size and spiral shape than seems possible of attainment to the housewife who must grate her own—fingers included!

There are two familiar styles in which packaged or canned cocoanut is sold. One is the finely shredded cocoanut with a more fluid or moist consistency which seems most suitable for custards, puddings, pie fillings and all recipes where the desired mixture is moist. This style more closely resembles the natural or fresh cocoanut when grated at home.

The second style is manufactured with a long, lacy or spiral shred which makes it most desirable for uses where appearance counts as well as flavor. For cake decorations, for meringues, for confectionery, for sprinkling over fruit cups, etc., this long-shredded style is preferable.

Children are extremely fond of cocoanut, and for them particularly, it is a wholesome, natural sweet, with laxative values. Many cookies and simple sweets using cocoanut may be made by the children themselves. Let the children have the kitchen on Saturday forenoons, and become cocoanut candy and cookie makers!

In a national recipe contest held recently, a cocoanut cake was given the first prize. It consisted of a rich layer cake mixture with a cocoanut filling flavored with orange, and a top dressing of shredded cocoanut. Probably if you asked ten men what was their favorite cake, they would reply, "Chocolate cake with cocoanut frosting."

Wintertime is the season to use cocoanut generously—its rich vegetable fat and natural sugar will help build up the body's heat and add heartiness as well as deliciousness to cold weather desserts.

Cocoanut Chocolate Drops: Four squares unsweetened chocolate grated, ⅔ cup sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup water, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 can moist cocoanut. Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add milk. Heat sugar and water separately, stirring until sugar is dissolved, then boil 1 minute. Add to chocolate mixture and blend. Add vanilla and cocoanut. Drop from teaspoon on waxed paper. Let stand several hours or until firm. (Makes about 36 candy drops.)

Toasted Cocoanut Ice Cream: Three tablespoons quick tapioca, 2 cups scalded milk, ¾ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons corn syrup, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 egg whites, 1 cup cream, whipped, 1½ teaspoons vanilla, 1 cup dry shredded cocoanut toasted and crumbled. Add tapioca to milk and cook in double boiler 15 minutes or until mixture is clear. Strain hot mixture into bowl with salt, sugar and corn syrup. Stir and cool. Add sugar to egg whites and beat until stiff. Fold into cold tapioca mixture. Fold in cream, vanilla and cocoanut. Freeze as in usual ice cream.

Toasted Cocoanut, for the long shredded style. Spread a thin layer on a baking sheet and place under broiler in hot oven. Toast until a light brown, stirring frequently with fork to prevent overcooking. Toasted cocoanut has added flavor and makes a delightful garnish for pies, custards and fruit salads. It is also good in candies where the toasting gives an especial richness of flavor and added color, as in cocoanut crunch, etc.

Vegetarian Dishes You Will Like

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Savory Kidney Beans.

SOAK 1 pound kidney beans in cold water overnight. Drain and cook gently for 4 or 5 hours. (A ham bone cooked with the beans adds to the flavor if you do not object to the use of meat). Drain and add 1 cup diced carrots, 1 minced green pepper, 1 minced onion and 1 pint strained tomato pulp. Simmer gently until vegetables are tender. Season with butter if you do not use ham bone. Serve with steamed rice timbales, sauted mushrooms and French fried green peppers.

Egg Plant with Corn.

CUT 1 pared egg plant in ¼ inch slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip in fine bread crumbs and then in slightly beaten egg. Again roll in fine bread crumbs and cook in hot deep fat until delicately browned. Serve immediately with well seasoned stewed or creamed corn. Garnish with crisp parsley.

Pecan Loaf.

SOAK 2 cups soft bread crumbs in 1 cup milk. Add 2 cups chopped nut meats, 2 slightly beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Turn into buttered bread pan, set in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven about 40 minutes. Serve with well seasoned tomato sauce.

Stewed Egg Plant.

COOK 3 cups diced egg plant for 15 or 20 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, add ¼ cup butter, 1 tablespoon onion juice, juice of ½ lemon, 1½ cups strained tomato juice, salt and pepper to taste and simmer gently until hot.

Chestnut Puree.

WITH a sharp pointed knife make an incision in each chestnut. Cook them about a minute in boiling water. Drain and dry. To each quart of nuts add 1 tablespoon butter and shake over the fire until the butter is all absorbed. Remove shell and skin together. Cook the nuts in a little water or broth until tender. Then press through a potato ricer or fruit press. Season to taste with salt, pepper and butter. Beat until smooth.

Mushrooms au Gratin.

PEEL mushrooms, reserving peelings for soup flavoring. Slice mushrooms and tender stems. Cook in a little butter about 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add enough cream or cream sauce to make of consistency of creamed dishes. Bring to boiling point and turn into a buttered au gratin dish. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and cook in a slow oven until crumbs are delicately browned.

Alligator Pear and Grapefruit Salad.

ARRANGE alternate slices of alligator pears and grapefruit sections on crisp Lettuce or endive and serve with French or Mayonnaise dressing. A little crumbled cream cheese may be added to the French dressing.

Chestnut Croquettes.

BOIL chestnuts and remove shell and skin. Mash chestnuts. There should be about 2 cups of the hot mashed chestnuts. Add ¼ cup butter, 2 slightly beaten eggs, a few drops onion juice, a few grains pepper and salt to taste. Form into croquettes. Roll in fine bread crumbs, slightly beaten egg and again in bread crumbs. Fry in hot deep fat until delicately brown. Serve with brown sauce.

Vegetable Souffle.

MELT 4 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add ½ cup water in which vegetables were cooked and ½ cup cream and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 1 cup strained cooked vegetable pulp and 3 well beaten egg yolks. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Season to taste with salt and paprika. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven until firm in center. Serve immediately.

Leeks on Toast.

WASH and trim leeks. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and arrange on buttered toast. Pour melted butter over the leeks and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Delmonico Cauliflower.

PICK over and wash 1 cauliflower. Soak, head down, for ½ hour in cold salted water. Cook until tender in boiling salted water. Drain, sprinkle with salt and paprika, place in buttered baking pan, sprinkle generously with buttered bread crumbs and brown delicately. Place on hot platter and surround with well seasoned cream sauce. Sprinkle with freshly grated American or Italian cheese just before serving.

Vegetable Sausage.

WASH 1 cup dried beans, cover with cold water and let soak overnight. Drain, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and press through potato ricer. Add ⅔ cup fine bread crumbs, 3 slightly beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon sage and salt and pepper to taste. Roll into small sausage-like shapes. Roll in fine bread crumbs, then in slightly diluted egg and again in bread crumbs. Cook in a little butter until delicately brown. Serve with favorite tomato sauce.

Delicious Turnip Balls.

WITH a French vegetable scoop shape a pint of small turnip balls. Cook until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and stir in 3 tablespoons butter beaten until smooth with 2 egg yolks, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cook over hot water about one minute or until egg is set, stirring constantly.

Spinach au Gratin.

PICK over and wash 1 peck of fresh spinach. Cook in very little water until tender. Drain, reserving liquor for cream of spinach soup. Finely chop the spinach. Have ready one cup of well seasoned white sauce. Place a layer of the chopped spinach in a buttered baking dish and sprinkle with salt and paprika. On this place a layer of cream sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese. Repeat until all the spinach and sauce are used. Cover with a cup of buttered bread crumbs. Set in oven to brown the crumbs. Serve hot.

Jelly Pancakes.

TO 3 well beaten egg yolks add ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ cup milk. Sift in ½ cup flour. Beat in ½ cup milk and 1 tablespoon melted butter and fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake on a hot griddle. Spread each pancake with jelly and roll while hot. Place all on a platter. Dredge with sugar and with red-hot wire toaster burn lines on the pancakes.

Tea Room Waffles.

INGREDIENTS: 2 cups cream, 3 eggs, ¼ cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt. Beat egg yolks until lemon colored. Add sugar and cream and beat in flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Cook on hot greased irons. Serve with fruit sauce.

Love, Honor and Deceive

By Howard Rockey

(Continued from Page 19)

things that total not more than a thousand. Then, by her husband's instructions, we kill him our profit of ten per cent on the four thousand dollars' worth of stock that we promptly pretend to forget that his wife ever said she wanted."

"But suppose she should remember?" Peggy was amused.

"That doesn't often happen. When it does, her secretary phones and we deliver that item with an apology. So don't be at all excited over what Dixie may ask. But in this case, we'll have to be careful not to get the bills mixed—and happen to let the wrong one reach Dixie's boy-friend's wife."

"I see," smiled Peg. "I'm learning. But really I must be going . . ."

"Oh, no, you mustn't," Naida said, and it was then that she had proposed that Peggy stay all night. "I want to keep on talking to you about a lot of things. Besides, I've practical reasons why I think it's as well that you stay with me tonight."

"If I do, the girls will never believe that I was here," Peg told her.

"Oh, yes they will!" said Naida. "Especially your friend who's with Levine—if she has any hopes of your framing a date for me to meet the boss. Besides, it's highly probable that by this time Charles is all lit up like the Empire State. And the first thing he'll do will be to phone or go up to your apartment. Providing Dixie hasn't tucked him away in bed somewhere. Well, if he does call, or shows up all jagged, the girls at least will know that you're not out with him somewhere. What's more, since you and I know the truth—and Randolph can't distort it—what do you care what Hope or Grace think of anything you do?"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1934, by Howard Rockey. All Rights Reserved.

"OH, MOTHER, THAT'S JUST THE JOB FOR ME!"

DERS and folders. th Laundry, 60-06 55th Dri
Help Wanted—Fema
LESWOMEN for high-class dress shop. Experience, good appearance essential. See Miss Walsh, Wednesday 9-10 a. m. Moore's Dress Shop, 105 Main
SALESLADY—For high experienced apply, best
PLEASE DON'T BE OFFENDED! WE'D LIKE TO HIRE YOU--- BUT, YOU KNOW, GOOD APPEARANCE INCLUDES A GOOD COMPLEXION. NOW-- MAY I GIVE YOU A HINT?--
YOU MEAN... I WON'T DO BECAUSE MY SKIN LOOKS BAD?
HOW NEARLY SHE LOST IT!
AND THE HINT HE GAVE YOU WAS TO EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST?
7 WEEKS LATER
MISS CAREY--THIS IS THE YOUNG LADY I TOLD YOU ABOUT. CAN YOU USE HER?
MY DEAR, YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE I WANTED -- EXPERIENCED, SMART AND WITH THAT LOVELY COMPLEXION SO YOUNG LOOKING!
OH, THANK YOU, MISS CAREY, AND MR. BROWN--I'M SO GRATEFUL TO YOU, TOO!
HE KNOWS I MEAN FOR HIS TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!
YES! HE SAID HIS OWN DAUGHTER HAD TERRIBLE PIMPLES AND THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED YEAST FOR HER. IT CLEARED HER SKIN WITHIN A MONTH.
Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated
DR. FLANDIN, of the Bichat Hospital, in Paris, says:—
"POOR COMPLEXION USUALLY MEANS POISONS IN THE BODY, FROM UNCLEAN INTESTINES... YEAST CORRECTS THIS CONDITION."
Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. As it "tones" your intestines, your body again gets rid of its wastes daily. Poisons are cleaned out. Headaches, bad breath usually disappear. Your skin clears! Isn't it sensible and worth trying—now?
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for Health

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

NRA

Now..the New
Lady Lillian
TWIN SET

"FOR FINGERTIP PERFECTION"

A set to delight the fastidious - because quality, utility and economy are so happily combined. TWIN bottles of superior Nail Polish and Polish Remover in a dainty container. All the new preferred Polish shades, of course. Set complete, at all leading stores, 35c

NORTHEASTERN LABORATORIES Inc
BOSTON, MASS.

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. Itching stops the moment Zemo touches the tender and inflamed skin because of its rare ingredients. To clear away Rashes, Pimples, Eczema, Ringworm and restore the skin to normal, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

THE FIRST LAMB CHOP I EVER LIKED

LEA & PERRINS MAKES SUCH A DIFFERENCE

LEA & PERRINS
Sauce THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

for BURNS

Apply Unguentine, Quick! Gives blessed relief from agonizing pain. Prevents festering and ugly scars. Be sure you have it handy!

Unguentine
Relieves pain. Hastens healing

10¢ A DAY BUYS A NEW REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER
Special 7-Day Free Trial Offer

Think of it! You can buy a new standard Remington Portable Typewriter for but 10c a day. Standard keyboard. Small and capital letters. Beautiful finish. Carrying case included free. Ideal graduation and birthday gift. Write today. Say: Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Portable typewriter on your special 7-day free trial offer for but 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. B-4, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.

Venison and Other Recipes Requested By Readers

Saddle of Venison.

WIPE meat, lard it carefully, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place on rack in dripping pan, and dredge meat and bottom of pan with flour. Bake in a hot oven about 1¼ hours (little less time if you wish to serve it rare), basting every 15 minutes. Serve with Currant Jelly Sauce.

Venison Cutlets.

CLEAN and trim slices of venison cut from loin. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, brush over with melted butter and roll in fine bread crumbs. Place in broiler and broil 5 minutes. Serve with currant jelly sauce.

Broiled Venison Steak.

PREPARE as broiled beef steak. Remove from heat just before it is done as venison is at its best when served a little rare. Serve with maitre d'hotel butter.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prune Juice, Hot Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Spider Corn Cake, Coffee.	Fruit, Hot Cereal, Small Sausage Balls, Reheated Graham Rolls, Coffee.	Fruit, Soft Cooked Eggs, Canned Blueberry Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Broiled Dried Beef, Creamed Potatoes, Popovers, Coffee.	Fruit, Salt Codfish Hash, Golden Corn Bread, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, German Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, French Omelet, Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Russian Salad or Baked Macaroni, Graham Ice Box Rolls, Apricots, Cocoa.	Vegetables in Casserole, Melba Cornbread, Banana Gingerbread.	Cream of Tomato Soup with Croutons, Savory Salad (Left-Overs), Cheese Dreams, Tea.	Mexican Lima Beans, Corn Sticks, Floating Island.	Macedoine Vegetable Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Stuffed Prunes and Cheese Balls.	Nut Loaf with Tomato Sauce, Asparagus Salad, Dried Fruit Trifle.	Chicken with Cream Gravy, Steamed Rice, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Buttered Green Vegetable, Jellied Cranberry and Pineapple Salad (Juice from Friday's Pineapple Cake), Daffodil Cake, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Emergency Cocktail (Left-Overs).*	*Supper*
Beef Stew with Paprika Dumplings, Alligator Pear and Grapefruit Salad.	Baked Fish with Mock Hollandaise, Parsley Potatoes, Shredded Cabbage and Carrot Salad, Dried Fruit Pudding.	Lamb Chops, Apple Fritters, Green Peas in Mashed Potato Shells, Endive Salad, French Dressing, Caramel Cup Custards.	Fruit Cocktail, Veal Cutlets, Paprika Potatoes or Spaghetti, Buttered String Beans, Celery Relish or Spiced Beets, Favorite Cottage Pudding.	Boiled Salmon with Egg Sauce, Boiled Potatoes, Buttered Cauliflower or Green Peas, Upsidedown Pineapple Cake.	Left-Over Salmon Cakes, Chartreuse Potatoes or Noodles, Broccoli, Lettuce Salad with New Orleans Dressing, Tea Room Surprise.	Grilled Potatoes and Bacon, Baked Apple with Cream, Date Bars, Cocoa.

Maitre d'Hotel Butter.

CREAM ¼ cup butter with ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and add ¾ tablespoon lemon juice very slowly. Add ½ tablespoon minced parsley if you like the flavor.

Wild Grape Jelly (Especially Good with Venison).

PUT 1 peck wild grapes, 1 quart vinegar, ¼ cup whole cloves, and 1 stick of cinnamon in kettle, and bring slowly to boiling point. Cook until grapes are soft. Strain through double thickness of cheese cloth and boil 20 minutes. Add 6 pounds of sugar (that has been heated in slow oven) and boil 5 minutes. Turn into dry glasses. Cover with melted paraffin and seal.

Currant Jelly Sauce.

TO 1 cup of good brown sauce (or gravy) from which onion has been omitted add 4 or 5 tablespoons currant jelly.

Plain Cookies.

INGREDIENTS: ⅓ cup butter and lard in equal proportions, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon almond. Cream butter, add sugar, well beaten egg, milk and flavoring. Mix and sift flour, salt and baking powder and add to first mixture. Chill in ice box. Toss out on lightly floured board and roll thin. Shape with cutter, first dipped in flour. Place on buttered baking sheet. Decorate, if desired, with candied cherries, sliced almonds or raisins. Bake in a moderate oven until delicately browned.

Salted Pecans.

PLACE 1 pound of pecan nut meats and 1 tablespoon butter in a pan. Put in a slow oven and stir frequently to prevent burning. When warm, remove from oven and dust with ½ teaspoon salt.

Apple Pie With Cheese Pastry.

MAKE green apple pie according to your favorite recipe. To the pastry reserved for the top crust add ½ cup freshly grated cheese. Roll thin and place on pie. Bake as usual.

Favorite Cheese Gingerbread.

MIX 4 ounces grated cheese and ½ cup sugar. Add ½ cup molasses. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons ginger and ½ teaspoon salt. Add alternately with ⅔ cup water to the cheese mixture.

Stuffed Tripe.

CAREFULLY clean 1½ pounds tripe. Cook in boiling water for ½ hour. Make a stuffing of 2 or 3 riced boiled potatoes, 1 cup fine bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped green or red sweet pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, few grains pepper and a little black pepper. Drain the tripe, place on platter, spread with stuffing, roll and tie in position with clean string. Dredge with flour, sprinkle with melted butter and dredge with flour again. Place in baking pan, cover with two or three strips of bacon and bake in a moderate oven for half hour. Place on hot serving platter and surround with favorite tomato sauce.

Crystalized Orange or Grapefruit Peel.

PREPARE candied orange or grapefruit peel. Place them in a pan in rows, taking care not to have them touch. Cook 2½ pounds sugar and 1¼ cups water to 225 degrees, using a sugar thermometer, or the "hair" stage. Remove from heat with as little motion as possible. Let it stand without stirring until cold. Pour the cold syrup over the candied peel. This should be done very gently. When the peel is covered with the syrup place a clean damp cheesecloth gently on the syrup. As it floats on the syrup it will absorb sugar crystals. Let stand about 8 hours and then remove the cheesecloth. Pour into a large sieve, allowing the syrup to drain off until the peel is quite dry.

Banana Fritters.

PRESS 3 large or 4 small ripe bananas through sieve or fruit press. Mix and sift 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Mix ¼ cup milk with 1 well beaten egg and add to the sifted dry ingredients. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and the banana pulp. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls in hot deep fat. When delicately browned remove from fat with skimmer and drain on unglazed paper. Serve with blackberry, currant jelly or lemon sauce.

American Weekly Patterns

START THE MORNING RIGHT ATTIRED IN (7957). Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 44 with short sleeves requires 4⅝ yards of 32-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material. With long sleeves 5⅛ yards.

YOU WILL LIKE THIS YOUTHFUL MODEL (8092). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20 (with corresponding bust measure 32, 34, 36, 38) and 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch material. Tie collar and belt in contrasting material requires ¾ yard 35 inches wide.

IRRESISTIBLY PRETTY AND SO EASY TO MAKE (8108). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Size 3 requires 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material. Without ruffles 1⅝ yards. Sash requires 2 yards of ribbon.

THE JUMPER FROCK WITH WINGS (8104). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 35-inch material for the frock and 1⅛ yards for the guimpe of 35-inch material.

SMART FOR BUSINESS, SHOPPING OR SPORTS (8089). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38 requires for the waist 2 yards and for the skirt 2⅛ yards 39 inches wide.

SIMPLICITY AND CHIC (7658). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 (with corresponding bust measure 32, 34, 36, 38), also 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 20 with short sleeves will require 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material. With long sleeves 3¾ yards.

READY TO PLAY (7492). Designed in 3 sizes: 6 months, 1 and 2 years. Size 1 will require 1⅝ yards of 27-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material for collar, sleeve caps and belt.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 STERLING PLACE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARGAIN DAY.
TWO PATTERNS FOR 25 CENTS
OR 15 CENTS EACH.

7957 ..... Bust 8108 ..... Years
8092 ..... Size 8104 ..... Years
7492 ..... Years 7658 ..... Bust
8089 ..... Bust

Name .....
St. & No. .....
City & State .....
Two Patterns for 25 Cents or 15 Cents Each.

Send 10 cents in coin for a copy of our NEW FASHION BOOK FOR 1934. Every Home Dressmaker should have a copy of this on her sewing table.

GREAT SCOTT, MISS JONES! HERE IT IS FIVE O'CLOCK AND YOU'VE NOT FINISHED THOSE LETTERS YET!
POOR SALLY! IF SHE'D ONLY STICK TO 3-IN-ONE OIL FOR SPEED, SHE'D NOT BE STUCK WITH A LOT OF TYPING AT QUITTING TIME!
3-IN-ONE OIL

IN NEW HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

Three-in-One Oil puts pep in typewriters, billing machines, and all office devices by keeping the working parts cleaner, well-lubricated, free of rust! Try it!

GOES FAR BEHIND THE TEA CUP

Preparing tea the right way is important of course, but it's back in the tea garden where flavor of your tea is decided upon. From the picking of the smallest tips from carefully cultivated bushes to the blending and packing here in this country, Lipton's Tea is Lipton supervised—all to insure the world-famous Lipton flavor.

Even if you feel the cup of tea you make is good enough—try Lipton's. The difference in flavor will delight you. Its economy will please you too, for Lipton's goes so much farther—and that means more good cups in every pound.

LIPTON'S TEA

Yellow Label,
Orange Pekoe and Pekoe
Green Label, Japan Tea

Daily use of Cuticura Soap
Protects the skin and keeps it Healthy

Containing soothing, healing and medicinal, as well as cleansing properties, Cuticura Soap safeguards your skin, protecting it from redness, roughness, disfiguring pimples, rashes and skin irritations. Make Cuticura your daily toilet soap and enjoy the charm of a healthy skin.

PRICE 25c

Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

YOU'RE THE BEST DRESSED GIRL IN THE CROWD, ELINOR
People are always complimenting Elinor! Here is her secret—
I DON'T SPEND MUCH ON CLOTHES, BUT I KEEP MINE SMART AND NEW A LONG TIME WITH LUX. THIS RUST-COLORED SWEATER, FOR INSTANCE, IS LAST YEAR'S, BUT THE COLOR'S LIKE NEW AND IT'S SOFT AND UNSHRUNKEN AFTER HALF A DOZEN LUX WASHINGS
LUX
LUX

To Wash Sweaters—

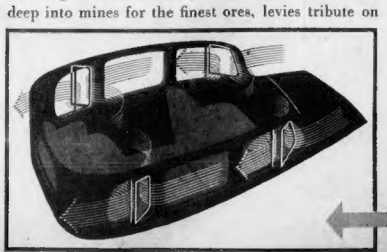
First take *all* measurements—dip in lukewarm Lux suds. *Don't* use hot water, don't rub! Rinse well, shape to measurements, dry flat. Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. They mat fibres, streak colors. No harmful alkali in Lux—safe in water, safe in Lux.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

VALUES YOUR EYES NEVER SEE

THE Body by Fisher in which you ride sheltered against storm or cold or heat embraces values of protective strength and lasting character that your eyes may never see but which your intelligent judgment would never forego.

To bring these values into your service, Fisher reaches deep into mines for the finest ores, levies tribute on laboratories for the toughest of alloys, draws from the roaring mills the cold-rolled billets and bars and sheets of *the largest steel supply produced for any bodybuilder in the world.*



This vivid demonstration shows Fisher No Draft Ventilation and how it operates. The arrows at front and rear windows show how fresh air is drawn in, how used air is drawn out, entirely without chilling drafts on anyone in the car. Hundreds of thousands of users call this Fisher development the greatest contribution to motoring health, comfort and safety since the introduction of the closed body itself

Not quantities alone, but *qualities;* for the Fisher specifications call for a special steel, so that it may be drawn flawlessly into a seamless panel of mirror smoothness at the stroke of one tremendous press.

Upon these special materials — the best for their purposes to be found in the world — exacting scientific standards are brought to bear further to insure Fisher Body structural stamina down to the smallest fractional dimension.

There is something else deep-built and invisible in every Fisher Body — something even the blueprint can not chart. It is the craft excellence, the knack and the know-how, that is forged and fused and welded in there by the world's greatest body-building experience.

Out of that long-held, hard-won knowledge comes the balanced perfection of line and strength and style which gives the Fisher Body its beauty, durability, comfort and safety.

The worthwhile benefits of this reveal and develop themselves unmistakably as the miles and the years roll under the wheels of your Fisher Body car.

See to it that you get the hidden values as well as the obvious ones in any car you buy. To do that you have only to make sure your new car is a General Motors car — the only cars worthy of Body by Fisher.

BODY BY FISHER on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC